

The Sketch

No. 1310—Vol. CI.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1918

NINEPENCE.



FEATHERS UP! U-KA-LIP-TUS, CHIEF OF THE WAH WAHS (MR. GEORGE ROBESY) EXPRESSES HIS PLEASURE ON RECEIVING A BOTTLE OF FIRE-WATER.

One of Mr. George Robey's many priceless moments in "The Bing Boys on Broadway," at the Alhambra, is that when, attired as an Indian chief for film purposes, he joyfully accepts a bottle of

"fire-water." The feathers of his head-dress suddenly stand up straight as a sign of jubilation—a quaint variation upon the familiar "fums up."—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



Women in Art.

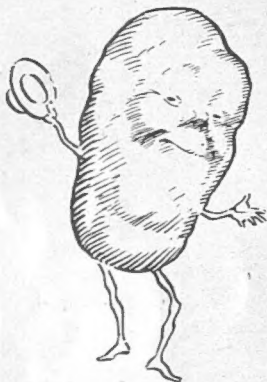
The Private View of the Society of Women Artists at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, was serious rather than smart, and one had space and leisure to see that in art, as in all other branches of work, women are working to good purpose. A high level of excellence is attained in a variety of mediums and styles, which range from the smooth conventionality of a day that is dead to Futurist and wet-confetti efforts, the faces of the figures in one of the last school being unpleasantly suggestive of the "before use" illustrations to advertisements for skin-disease remedies. Emily Paterson is finely represented; and one particularly noted the large, very alive "Confused Sea off Dover" by Alice Fanner (Mrs. Taite). One of the most attractive pictures—the sort of canvas one would like to live with—is "The Sentimentalists," by Mrs. Constance Rea, a decorative, open-air group that evokes the period and atmosphere of "La Bohème"; a couple of small but well-felt and very clever tone-studies by A. Osborne Moore charm the eye; there is a highly attractive "The Lady Carbery," by Mrs. C. Blakeney Ward; and I discovered



A WORKER FOR THE WELSH FLAG DAY:
LADY BRAIDE.

Photograph by Bassano.

two quaint little studies full of mystic suggestion by Dering Curtois. Among the flower-studies, those of Louise Fumage stand out; as of old, she specialises in white roses and peonies (the Queen bought a large group of her peonies from last year's exhibition), and, as usual, she suggests Fantin-Latour and the wonder how it is done, for on examination you see that the petals of her flowers are just the clean white board, their fresh, transparent delicacy being given by cunning splashes of grey wash. Lady Newton, Lady Scarbrough, Lady Ten-terden, and Lady Stanhope were evidently very interested in the works of their sister women.



STANDING BY: THE PATRIOTIC SPUD.

"The potato must be the great stand-by for the next twelve months."—*Daily Paper.*

Astafieva in "The Seven Sins."

Mr. Jean Nougues, whose "Chansons Dansées" at the Wigmore Hall on Feb. 22 struck a new note in modern art of the lighter sort, was fortunate in securing the aid and participation of Mme. Serafina Astafieva. Her performance was, of course, the *clou* of the matinée, especially in "The Seven Sins," in which Mme. Astafieva appeared as the Woman, Miss Renée Waleska as Pride, Mr. Leonoff as Avarice, Mr. Layos Olza as Luxury, Miss Natacha Mikulina as Envy, Miss Molly Lake as Gluttony, Mr. Alexandre Goudin as Anger,

Miss Georgette Georgina as Idleness. The small space available on the Wigmore Hall platform must have been a great trial to the artists; but, fortunately, the show will shortly be produced at a West-End theatre.

Actor and Portraitist.

Mr. Ernest Thesiger, of "A Little Bit of Fluff" fame—not to mention his soldier-

means of making fifty guineas for the Red Cross, the portrait fee being half-a-guinea. Mr. Thesiger is to be found at 3, Montpelier Terrace, an you wish to make an appointment for a sitting. The Baroness d'Erlanger is among those who own one of his Red Cross portraits.

Make Sure of Seats.

By the way, on March 18, at Lady Paget's matinée, "Between Dusk and Dawn," that delightful ballet, is to be done again, with an interesting cast consisting of Mrs. Christopher Lowther, Lady Diana Manners, Mr. Ernest Thesiger, and Mr. Donald Calthrop—all people who can dance. Seats were sold out for this ballet when it was given before, but that will be nothing to the rush to see these well-known folk dancing together.

An Anglo-American Engagement.

If not a war romance, a war culmination of a romance begun at St. Moritz three years ago is the engagement of Miss Esther Cleveland to Captain Alfred Bosanquet, D.S.O., Coldstream Guards, son of Sir Albert Bosanquet, K.C. Miss Cleveland is one of the daughters of the late President Grover Cleveland and Mrs. Thomas J. Preston junior, of Princeton, New Jersey, and was born in the White House during her father's second administration. She was at St. Dunstan's Hostel for the Blind in June 1916, and since then has been working at the Light-house for Blinded French Soldiers in Paris, founded by Miss Winifred Holt, of New York.

A Novelist's Son.

The son of Gabriele d'Annunzio, Captain Ugo d'Annunzio, of the Italian Aviation Corps, is now in New York as head of a commission of twenty-four experts from Milan, where the Caproni aeroplanes are manufactured. He plans to perfect the Caproni biplane, which is calculated to carry a weight of five tons, including mechanics and bombs. His famous father, although beyond military age, is keen on the war and enthusiastically adventurous. Not long ago he was up for nine-and-a-half-hours over the Austrian lines—a remarkable record.

More Impetus.

The "Waacs" are going to be a great force, and the people who started little whispers about them have been really helping the cause, for lots of chivalrous-minded women have rallied to the aid of the "Waacs," notably Lady Betty Balfour, who was fervent in their defence at a meeting in Hertford Street. Mrs. George Keppel was there, and her very beautiful daughter, simply dressed, with a very jolly black velvet Tam for head-covering. The girl looked so interested that I wondered whether she intended joining the Women's Corps, and I heard from someone who says they know that it is not unlikely this may happen.

The Peat of the Patriotic.

It seems that war develops our "ingenuity" bumps. Figure to yourself—peat, that so quaintly scented firewood of the Emerald Isle, is to live in history. The authorities have reason to hope that oil may be extracted from it. Lord Clancarty—who, as you know, possesses an Irish estate—has had sent over some samples of peat, which are undergoing

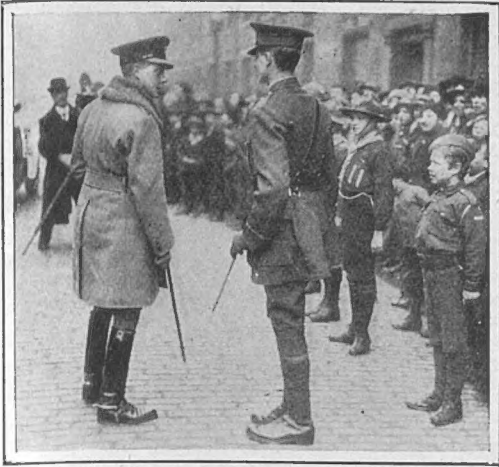


DISTINGUISHED INDIANS IN THE PARK: GENERAL SIR PRATAB SINGH (CENTRE) WITH COLONEL THE RAJAH OF RUTLAM (LEFT) AND CAPTAIN PRINCE SIRDAR SINGH OF SHAPURA.—[Photograph by Smerdon.]



ing record—has, he tells me, completed thirty-nine out of the hundred portrait-sketches he is doing for the Red Cross. He is a clever artist, and works extraordinarily quickly; and chose this

a process of examination at the moment. He himself is very keen about the scheme, and thinks that, if it is properly worked, substantial benefit should result—oil being, as everybody knows, such a necessary commodity. It was Lord Clancarty, you will remember, who was mainly instrumental in bringing before the authorities an invention designed by a friend of his for combating the submarine menace. Let us wish all success to the peat scheme! May the Irish firewood on Lord Clancarty's place simply ooze oil!



WITH A GUARD OF HONOUR OF BOY SCOUTS AND CADETS: THE PRINCE OF WALES IN BETHNAL GREEN.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Park Avenue apartment-houses fuel-less, private entertainments have had to be abandoned, and many people have been forced to dine in hotels for warmth and comfort. The famous Sleepy Hollow Country Club near New York—in Rip Van Winkle's land—has closed its golf club until April, and all the fashionable country clubs near Philadelphia have followed suit. If anything were needed to bring the war home to Americans it would be deprivation of the comfort of steam-heating, which makes bearable the intense cold. The two symbols of America might well be a steam-radiator and an ice-water jug—extremes meeting.

Burning Courage. By far the most unpopular man in America since cold weather began there with fierce intensity has been Dr. Harry Augustus Garfield, National Fuel Administrator. He is a son of James A. Garfield, the President who was assassinated in 1881, and a brother of the Secretary of the Interior under President Roosevelt. He has been a Professor of Contracts in the Law School of Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio; Professor of Politics at Princeton University when President Wilson was its head; and since 1908 he has been the President of his *Alma Mater*, Williams College, in Williamstown, Massachusetts. For several years his secretary there was Mr. Francis B. Sayre, a son-in-law of President Wilson. He has ruled the coal situation in America with a rod of iron—the poker of authority from long association with Presidents and the law.



AT BRIGHTON: MAJOR THE EARL OF PEMBROKE WITH MR. AND MRS. MENZIES.—[Photograph by Barratt.]

the Metropolis to the Metropole, Brighton, for a bright week-end were Count de Lukovich, Mr. Moreton Mandeville, Miss Winifred Graham, Miss Adrienne Story, Miss Mabel Sealby, Miss Dorothy Hansen, Captain Ames, Hon. Bertie Eaton (Lord Cheylesmore's son, who is on sick leave, and, we are glad to say, has progressed from two sticks to the normal), Captain Maynard (of the Guards), and many U.S.A. officers. Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, Lady Howard, Sir Arthur and Lady Thornhill, Stuart Gray (the Master of Gray), and other people in the public eye are also to be seen at

The Coal-less Rich.

At least we are more fortunate than America has recently been in the matter of coal. With palatial Fifth Avenue mansions and



John Bull: "Long and narrow, eh? Funny I've never noticed it." "The tendency of the British face to become long—and narrow is due to our generous diet."—Professor Keith.

Where London Lunches.

The new Criterion, ever since Mr. Luigi (late of Ciro's) has taken on its management, has once more become the centre of a crowd of well-known people. Lunching there a few days ago, I saw Delysia, in a perfect tailor-made, smart, French simplicity, with red velvet toque which gave a gay note; Eileen Molyneux and friends; Shirley Kellogg, with her husband, De Courville; and Mrs. Guy Watkins. The next day, at the Berkeley, there was the Earl of Shrewsbury, with a party including Mrs. Brownley, Mrs. Arthur Hamilton, the Earl of Clancarty, Mr. Bulkeley. From

the Metropole. The King's Road and Hove, bathed in noon sunshine, are quite fashionable rendezvous, and the verandahs of the sea-front hotels have an occupant for every chair. Out Hove, Princes Hotel has a distinguished visitors' list, including the Duke of Abercorn, the Earl and Countess of Pembroke, Lord William Gordon-Lennox, Lady MacGregor, and Colonel and Lady Roper Parkington. The Countess of Almarle is to be seen daily taking the air; she is staying at the Bedford Hotel—as is also Lady Kennard. Miss Gertrude Page, the novelist, and Mr. and Mrs. Sutro are at the Grand Hotel. Miss Phyllis Monkman was taking a rest at the Royal York; and Herman Finck is at the Royal Crescent Hotel.

At the Jacobean Studio.

The Wounded Tommies' parties at Miss Parbury's Jacobean studio continue successfully every Friday afternoon. Last week, when the Kensington Chamber of Commerce were the hosts, I noticed amongst the visitors Lady Halsbury (wife of the great Judge), Lady and Miss Milsom-Rees (the name is familiar to all who know the King's physician), Lady Duke, Sir Griffiths Boynton, Major Needham—just home on leave from Salonika, where he holds an important Staff post; he wears a whole row of ribbons, including all possible South African ones, and the Mons Star—and several other distinguished officers. Everyone seemed to enjoy the tea and the music, with M. Harry Josef's band in attendance. The forty wounded men in blue smoked till the room was a haze, and shouted choruses in great content.

Uniformed.

Lady Mary Strickland, I hear from Bristol, looks as well in her V.A.D. uniform as she did with her hair down at the "hair-down matinée"—you remember it, when all the Society girls let down their hair—or with pearls threaded through it, when she recited Shakespeare in Grosvenor Square. She is at a V.A.D. hospital at Winchcombe for quite long spells, and is very popular.

On the Way to Twickenham.

France is congratulating herself, and with legitimate reason, upon the result of the recent Rugby match, in which she measured her strength against the redoubtable All Blacks at the Parc des Princes. Last year the New Zealand team accounted for the French fifteen by the ample margin of forty-one points to nil; but on this occasion our Allies came near claiming victory—so near, indeed, that Colonel Plugge, C.M.G., of Gallipoli fame, who refereed the match, gave it as his opinion that the better team lost. Anyway, the Frenchmen had most of the play when leading team close on time, and only lost by the narrow margin of five points to three—a result which rendered a considerable proportion of the crowd ecstatically inarticulate. If our nearest and dearest Allies continue to improve at their present rate, they may well register a victory at Twickenham before many years have passed.



The Factory Girl: "Lumme! call this a love-letter—'Darling,' 'Dearest,' 'Beloved'! Call 'im 'Cross-eyed Ginger,' 'Fat-head,' 'Pudden-fice'! Show the poor blighter I love 'im!" "I hear of a well-educated woman in poor circumstances who adds to her small means by writing love-letters for South London factory girls and munition workers."—Daily Paper.



The Host: "D'you know, this liqueur cost me £1 17s. 6d. a bottle."

The Guest: "Really! It's quite good. Give me another five-bob's-worth."

At a recent sale: "One man actually paid 450s. for a dozen bottles of Wolfshmidt Kummel."—Daily Paper.



ALMOST ENTIRELY RUN BY WOMEN: THE GOVERNMENT SEED-TESTING STATION AT VICTORIA—GIRLS COUNTING SEEDS INTO HUNDREDS.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

UNRATIONAL DIALOGUES.

I.—ORDEAL BY QUESTION.

SMALL NIECE: Uncle Jack?
 UNCLE JACK: Yes, my dear?
 SMALL NIECE: Is it true that you're going to join the Army?
 UNCLE JACK: Yes, my dear, if they'll have me.
 SMALL NIECE: Aren't you too old, Uncle Jack?
 UNCLE JACK: That's just the difficulty. I am what they call over military age. Still, I think I shall succeed.
 SMALL NIECE: Are you glad about that, Uncle Jack?
 UNCLE JACK: Well, my dear, you put rather a difficult question. I don't suppose anybody is really anxious to be killed. At the same time, should I find myself in such a situation—
 SMALL NIECE: What situation?
 UNCLE JACK: Well, in the front-line trenches, or going over the top. I say, should I find myself in such a situation, I should endeavour to do my duty like an English gentleman.
 SMALL NIECE: Is that the best way to beat the Germans, Uncle?
 UNCLE JACK: Yes, my dear. Undoubtedly.
 SMALL NIECE: I see. Only I shouldn't have thought you could go on feeling very gentlemanly when they were shooting flames and poison-gas and things like that at you.
 UNCLE JACK: Little girls ought not to know anything about such things.
 SMALL NIECE: Oh, but you can't help it in these days. I look at all the pictures. Do you know what I dreamt last night, Uncle Jack?

UNCLE JACK: Nothing—er—unpleasant, I trust.

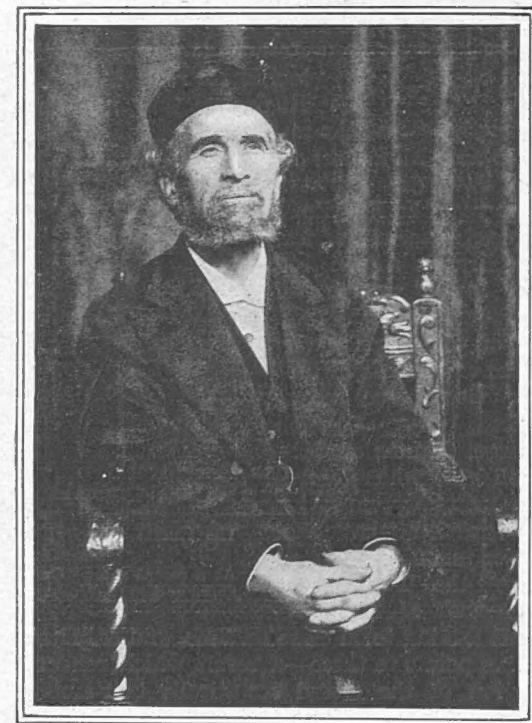
SMALL NIECE: I dreamt that you were in a trench, and four or five enormous Germans were all round you, and one had a gun, and one a sword, and one a bayonet, and one a pistol, and one just an ordinary knife.

UNCLE JACK: H'm. What an unpleasant dream!

SMALL NIECE: Oh, but you were awfully brave, Uncle Jack. Not very gentlemanly, but awfully brave. You shot the man with the sword, and killed the man with the gun, and just as I woke up the man with the knife—

UNCLE JACK: I think you'd better run along now, my dear, and look at some pictures of horses drawing hay, and cows coming home. Much better for your mind.

SMALL NIECE: Oh, no; they'd bore me to death. Shall I tell you what I'm going to do? I'm going to write a story, all about how you got the V.C.! And next time Mother has some people to tea I expect she'll read it out! I do hope you'll be there, Uncle Jack!



A BENEVOLENT RABBI AT THE AMBASSADORS' THEATRE: MR. FISHER WHITE, AS RABBI ELKAN.

The dramatic virtue of strong contrast lends special interest to the character, and portrait, of Mr. Fisher White, for the kindly Rabbi, in "The Little Brother," is a pleasant relief to the hard, fanatical Priest, Father Petrovitch. Both are sterling studies of character, and, it may be added, of make-up and expression.—[Photograph by the Stage Photo. Company.]

II.—PASSED FOR SERVICE.

SMALL NIECE: Well, Uncle Jack? Have they given you a commission?

UNCLE JACK: Not yet. But I've been through the preliminary steps.

SMALL NIECE: What are those? Goose-steps?

UNCLE JACK: Yes, you might call them that. But I really meant that I'd been interviewed by the officer responsible, and he sent me to the doctor.

SMALL NIECE: Why? Were you ill?

UNCLE JACK: No. But they had to be sure of that.

SMALL NIECE: Begin at the beginning. What did the officer say?

UNCLE JACK: I had to wait nearly an hour.

SMALL NIECE: Were there any other gentlemen waiting?

UNCLE JACK: Oh, yes, a good many.

SMALL NIECE: Were they all as old as you?

UNCLE JACK: No. I think I was decidedly the oldest.

SMALL NIECE: Then the officer ought to have seen you first, I think.

UNCLE JACK: Oh, they don't respect age in the Army. Just the other way about, in fact, unless you're a General or something magnificent.

SMALL NIECE: You don't mean that the officer was rude to you?

UNCLE JACK: Oh, no, not rude. But a little off-hand, I thought. And he asked some very personal questions.

SMALL NIECE: I should have given him one look and walked out!

UNCLE JACK: No, you wouldn't, my dear, if you wanted to do something for your country. I shall have a great deal more than that to put up with before the end of the war.

SMALL NIECE: Well, that's enough about the old officer. What did the doctor do? Did he look at your tongue and take your temperature?

UNCLE JACK: No. He weighed me, and measured me, and punched me in the back.

SMALL NIECE: Oh, Uncle Jack! Just like a prize beast!

UNCLE JACK: Not very polite, my dear!

SMALL NIECE: Oh, don't be cross! I meant it as a compliment! I should have given you first prize!

UNCLE JACK: Thank you. Let's drop the metaphor. He then looked at my teeth, and asked me if I had anything the matter with me.

SMALL NIECE: What did you say?

UNCLE JACK: I said, "No."

SMALL NIECE: Oh, Uncle Jack! For shame! I shall tell Auntie that!

UNCLE JACK: But I haven't! Nothing worth mentioning.

SMALL NIECE: But you often mention your indigestion, and your neuralgia, and your touch of gout, and your—

UNCLE JACK: Nonsense! Those little complaints are only for times of peace. The doctor meant anything serious.

SMALL NIECE: Your little complaints often make Auntie serious. . . . I say, Uncle Jack?

UNCLE JACK: Well?

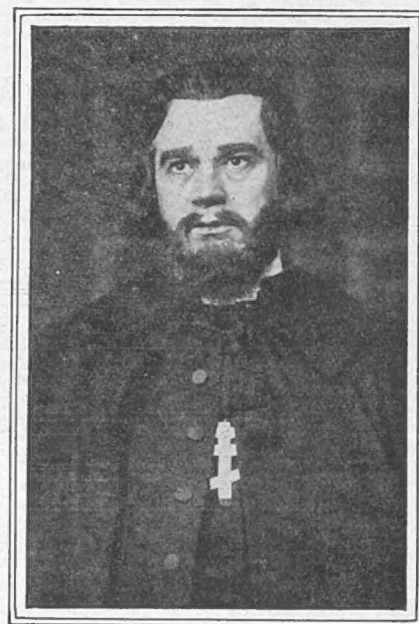
SMALL NIECE: I wonder what she would do if you got killed?

UNCLE JACK: Bear it bravely, my dear, like many another Englishwoman.

SMALL NIECE: Yes, I'm sure Auntie would do that.

UNCLE JACK: And you would help her, wouldn't you?

SMALL NIECE: Yes, I should help her as much as I could. But the really best thing would be for her to get a new husband, wouldn't it, Uncle Jack?



A FANATICAL MONK AT THE AMBASSADORS' THEATRE: MR. LYN HARDING, AS FATHER PETROVITCH.

In Mr. Benedict James's remarkable drama, "The Little Brother," much of the interest centres in two figures—a kindly Rabbi and a grim, ascetic Priest. Our photograph of Mr. Lyn Harding, as the latter character, powerfully suggests the iron and indomitable will of Father Petrovitch.

Photograph by the Stage Photo. Company.

"SERVICE"-ABLE GARDENING HINTS.



ST. DAVID'S DAY IN LONDON: FLAGGING IN THE STREETS.



WELSH FLAG DAY: MRS. LLOYD GEORGE LEAVING
DOWNING STREET.



A SOCIETY SALESWOMAN:
LADY BRADE.



AT CLARIDGE'S: MISS DIANA MAINWARING AND
MISS ROSEMARY PETO, COLLECTING.



STARTING ON HER INSPECTION TOUR:
LADY RHONDDA.

Despite a piercingly cold wind the loyal helpers of Mrs. Lloyd George's Fund for supplying comforts and aids to men in Welsh regiments and their dependents made a brave show in the London streets on St. David's Day, March 1, and in many cases added to the picturesqueness of the great thoroughfares by donning Welsh costume, the conspicuous feature of which is a huge steeple-crowned hat: and other notable points are a big shawl and a check apron. Mrs. Lloyd George, nothing daunted by the

weather, made a pilgrimage to the City and West End, visiting the Mansion House, with Lady Owen Philipps, in a flower-decorated car, and thence paying visits to the Stock Exchange, Lloyd's, and the Baltic. At Lloyd's Mr. Lloyd George was presented with a cheque for £2500, and a big cheque also awaited her at Hampstead and other centres. Lady Brade is the wife of Sir Reginald Herbert Brade, K.C.B., Secretary to the War Office. Miss Diana Mainwaring is daughter of Lady Mainwaring.

Photographs by L.N.A. and Illustrations Bureau.

AND SON AND HEIR: A MARQUESS'S HEIR'S WIFE.

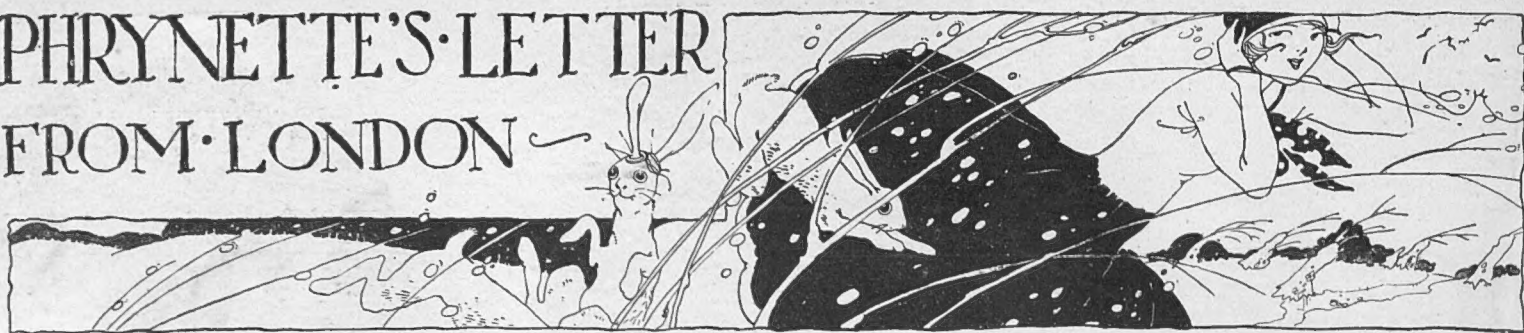


THEIR LATEST PORTRAIT: LADY VICTOR PAGET AND HENRY ALEXANDER REGINALD PAGET.

Lady Victor Paget, here seen with her little son, Henry Alexander Reginald, is the wife of Lord Victor Paget, who is a Lieutenant in the Reserve of Officers and a Staff Captain, and is the only brother of the Marquess of Anglesey, and heir to the Marquessate, Earldom, and

Baronetcy. Before her marriage, which took place in 1913, she was well known as Miss Olive May—in private life, Miss Olive Mary Meatyard, daughter of Mr. George Meatyard. Her little son was born in 1914.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON



THE (GREAT) MAN IN THE STREET.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

I HEAR from Paris that the heart of the Art authorities is heavy with the fear of the damage that may be caused by air-raids to the treasures of the capital, and that scaffolds and bomb-proof shelters are being erected around the statues that cannot be removed to a safe place. The "Penseur" of Rodin at the Panthéon, the "Hugo" of the Palais Royal, and many other great men in stone are going to be padded, like lunatics in a cell! London does not seem to worry much about her great sculptured people, does she? Yet there are sculptures here which it would be a pity to see in smithereens. Some because they are beautiful, others because they are familiar figures whose ugliness we have become so accustomed to as to forget it. Wouldn't you be sorry if one nasty morning you woke up to find the Piccadilly Circus Cupid flown to a purer plane? Wouldn't you regret if the lady with the most beautiful back in London had it broken? (No, not Teddie Gerard; but the muse of Musical Comedy mourning in the Embankment Gardens over the memory of Gilbert—or is it Sullivan?) And the dear little figure facing the Griffin of Fleet Street (I don't know quite who it is or what it is—I can't read the inscription from the pavement—but you remember what I mean: a dainty youngster in a Valois costume poised at the corner of Chancery Lane), wouldn't it be a pity to crumple his ruffle? And Framp-ton's Peter Pan? Would not the Kensington's swans sing sorrowfully their swan-song if it were bombed from above? And its neighbour, the Physical Energy figure racing the wind on a strong and splendid steed? But, of course, there are other London landmarks which we shouldn't miss much! That statue of George III., for instance, stiff and stuck-up on his wooden gee-gee of bronze in the middle of Cockspur Street! No wonder it is said to be one of the most dangerous cross-roads in town! Why, the very motor-buses take the bit between their teeth and bolt when they come face to face with that!

But, so far, no statuary work has been struck in London, unless it be the grinning Cheshire cats guarding the door of the Suburbanite.

And, about bombs, new words are nimble and numerous these days! Danger seems to shake the mind into activity somehow. A friend of mine who was bridesmaid at a recent wedding (some people seem to prefer to sip their honey while the moon shines!) was writing to me the details of the ceremony and after.

"I saw them off the next day at Charing Cross," she wrote.

"The bride looked radiant."

The raids were responsible for rather too much, methought. Another wife who was also disturbed under the moon had tor lord and master a very prudent man who insisted on seeking safety in the nearest Tube in the middle of the night.

She, however, declined to dress and go down; but he insisted on her getting up to find his clothes. "My shirt, my collar, my tie, my socks!" he cried in his flurry. The lady eyed him with a withering stare, then—"Shall I clean your boots for you?" she asked.

The 'bus may not be as comfy and quick as the taxi, but how much more sociable! Yesterday two American officers riding from Hyde Park Corner—which they had unfortunately mistaken for the Marble Arch—were trying to identify the buildings with the help of a "Baedeker." I came to the rescue, and pointed out common objects of interest—Apsley House, Devonshire House, the Ritz, Berkeley Square, and St. James's, Piccadilly, with its carvings by Grinling Gibbons.

Here came the poser: "And can you tell me what proportion of the population of London attends service in the Church of England?" No, I could not; even the omniscient "Whitaker" seems to be silent on the subject!

Now that leave is open from Palestine, we shall all be meeting friends who have taken part in that wondrous campaign. So the wise, who want to know something about it in advance, betake themselves these days to Colnaghi and Obach, at 144, New Bond Street, where there are drawings in Egypt and Palestine on exhibition. Of course, they are by an Official Artist, and "exhibited with the permission of H.M. Government," for nowadays nobody dreams of going anywhere or doing anything without sanction from somebody else. But, happily, all the officialdom in the world could not stifle the artistic sense of Lieutenant James McBey, nor his instinct for the wide and empty spaces where the Egyptian Expeditionary Force live and move and have their being. Very vivid is the impression of space and colour in the desert, of congestion and colour in the city scenes—such as the sketch of General Allenby in Bethlehem. As for camels—Lieutenant McBey can show you all



"Battles of flowers."

tionary Force live and move and have their being. Very vivid is the impression of space and colour in the desert, of congestion and colour in the city scenes—such as the sketch of General Allenby in Bethlehem. As for camels—Lieutenant McBey can show you all

about them. These sketches will find their way later to the British Museum—worthy companions to those of the Western Front by Muirhead Bone.

Talking of officialdom, just as the public has really grasped the meaning of "camouflage" the War Office phraseology camouflages the term! The mere civilian imagines that he sees a Camouflage School in Kensington Gardens—but the officer who receives orders to report there is directed to the "Special Works School." But then, what can be expected when even khaki is a word not to be found in truly official diction? Your glorious Army's regulation field-service kit is styled "drab." Yet there is no truth in the report that a new Government post, as Controller of Phraseology, or H.M. Lexicographer, is shortly to be created for the next Minister needing change of occupation!

But the saddest story of officialdom heard for many a long day is that of a certain branch of a certain war charity in a certain raid. Something really exciting happened at their very doors: something which would have made them famous for quite a week, even in these days of crowded forgetfulness—something which called out a lot of simple heroism, and would have called out a lot of sorely needed cheques for the charity. But the

"She declined to dress and go down."

authorities were obdurate. All sorts of influential folk with portions of the alphabet after their names implored the folk with the rest of it after theirs to let some hint be given, just for the sake of the cause to be helped, but with no avail. So the wound gapes to heaven for all the world to see—and the enemy, let us trust, knows nothing about it.

Her Royal Highness Princess Christian has always taken the greatest possible interest in the work of the Belgravia War Hospital Supply Depot, of which she is President, and her latest mark of interest has been to contribute a Foreword to the first number of the Depot's *Monthly Record*. A sure sign of the times this: a flourishing little magazine, with royalty contributing; a front page whereon is to be found the work of Mr. Herbert Ward, Gold Medallist of the Salon in Paris; and an appreciation from Lady Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter—all in the cause of charity to our wounded.

Mrs. Romilly Fedden, by the way, who founded the Depot (with Viscountess Bryce) three years ago, and still works tirelessly for its well-being, has recently been made a Member of the Order of the British Empire. It was a lucky day for our wounded when Mrs. Fedden left her native America for this country. Her husband is the well-known artist, and author of "Modern Water-Colours" and other books on art

Constantin Stroeescu, the picturesque Roumanian singer, is giving a song recital on Saturday afternoon, March 9, and is certain to have a large and appreciative audience at the Aeolian Hall on the occasion. Stroeescu, besides being the owner of a beautiful voice, is slim enough to sing love duets in operas—usually one wants to close one's eyes while the fat tenor warbles of his ardent love. Constantin Stroeescu, it may be remembered, made his first success in England with Beecham. His programme for the 9th includes works by George Monro, Gluck, Schumann, Ernest Chausson, Bantock, Joseph Jongen, etc.

I hear that Delysia is going to leave us and London for a while for a little rest-cure in the Pyrenees. She will drink goat's milk, wear *espadrilles* (*je ne pense pas!*), and recuperate in view of the new revue in which she is going to appear on her return. That's good news—we can do with more revues in the "More" manner.

"Chu-Chün-Chow" is also going over to France, where it will

gladden the Gaieté with its gorgeousness.

I love London, as you know, but I'd like to do like Delysia and go across for a little holiday, not to the Pyrenees, but to the Azur and Gold Coast—the Riviera. Peggy and her letters make me feel a bit home-sick. Thank you all the same, Peggy, for your budget of news. As the ex-habitues of the Riviera here may be interested to know what is happening over there, I'll share your letter with them, as much as "space" allows this week.

The Bolo revelations have stirred anew the anti-Boche sentiments of the patriotic French, and the Niçois have actually—and with ceremony and pomp—'consecrated' four re-named thoroughfares. The Avenue Massena is now the Avenue Verdun; Place Bellevue is, instead, Place Guynemer; Quai de Midi becomes Quai des Etats-Unis, and the Jardin Publique henceforward is that of Roi Albert I. Italy and England, *pour le moment*, are not represented! I hope we *habitues* will be able to find our way about, all the same.

The Promenade des Anglais, both before and after noon, swarms with people, dressed in *les derniers modes* or the many different uniforms of *les Alliés*. The Hotel Negresco has reopened its portals, and fashion, *civile et militaire*, goes there much for tea (without sugar or milk, I believe—for France is more rationed than you are). Comte Arthur de Gabriac gave a *thé musical* there the other afternoon, and delighted his audience—who included Comtesse de Berteux, Princess Vera de Talleyrand, Princess Louis Murat, Prince and Princess Albert de Broglie, Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant, Baron van Zuylen, and many other notabilities—with several of his own songs.

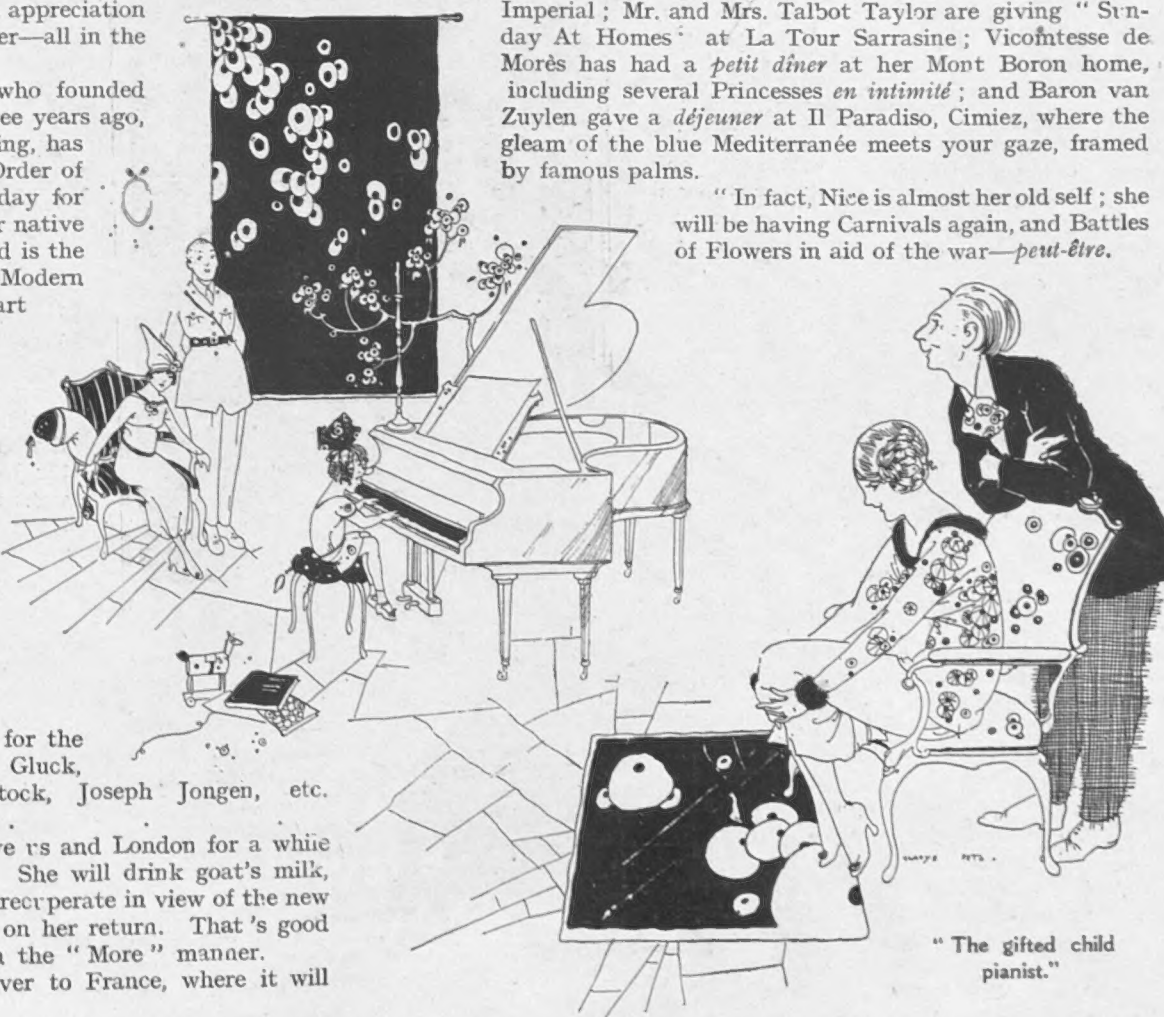
Amongst forthcoming fêtes is one in aid of the blinded soldiers, when Dr. Saint-Saëns (who is staying in Cannes) is to play a duet with the gifted child pianist, Madeleine Brard, and M. André Muller will recite a new poem specially written for the occasion. Another great day was that of Washington's birthday, Feb. 22, which was honoured in a most practical way. The American Consul and Mrs. Dulany Hunter held a bazaar and sale of work in aid of the American Hospital in Nice at their Villa Chandon, and *tout le monde* were there.

Amongst the residents of the villas there is some entertaining—in an informal fashion. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ward have opened the Villa Jean, exquisitely framed in a garden by the Parc Imperial; Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Taylor are giving "Sunday At Homes" at La Tour Sarrasine; Vicomtesse de Morès has had a *petit dîner* at her Mont Boron home, including several Princesses *en intimité*; and Baron van Zuylen gave a *déjeuner* at Il Paradiso, Cimiez, where the gleam of the blue Mediterranean meets your gaze, framed by famous palms.

In fact, Nice is almost her old self; she will be having Carnivals again, and Battles of Flowers in aid of the war—*peut-être*.



"Camouflage."



"The gifted child pianist."

SMALL TALK



BY becoming Honorary Treasurer of the Memorial Appeal recently issued by the New Hospital for Women, Lady Hall has shown that a cultivated taste in art and other things lovely and of good report is not incompatible with a keen interest in the practical affairs of everyday life. Always a warm supporter of matters concerning the welfare of her own sex, Lady Hall is now hard at work stimulating enthusiasm for the scheme by which it is hoped to secure the endowment of several beds in the "New" in memory of the late Dr. Garrett Anderson, to whose efforts on their behalf women in general, and medical women in particular, owe so much. The Honorary Treasurer's appeal is an ambitious one. She asks for £50,000 at least, in order that fifty beds may be endowed, and if energy brings success the sum will be realised. Meantime, Lady Hall is not too busy to take an interest in the Raeburns and lovely Chinese antiques that make her house in Dorset Square the delight of the connoisseur.

Her New Billet. Lady Emmott, who was appointed to the Advisory Council of the Ministry of Reconstruction the other day, is known as a delightful Liberal hostess. Her house in Ennismore Gardens has been the scene of many pleasant functions of the social-with-a-flavour-of-politics variety that were regarded as an integral part of our political system before the war came along to banish "party"—in name, if not in fact. As a war worker Lady Emmott has devoted herself to the cause of distressed Belgians and Poles with the thoroughness and energy that characterises everything to which she lays her hand. She is gifted with the practical common-sense that is so valuable at a time when sentiment is so often apt to outrun discretion—a quality of which the Home Secretary showed his appreciation when he appointed her the only woman on the Committee of Inquiry set up for the Control of War Charity Funds some two years ago.

The Terrors of Childhood.

Middle-aged people are always ready to idealise their schooldays; but were they so very happy, after all? I am reminded of the embitterment of boyhood and girlhood by the case which has just come up in the Law Courts, in which the religious knowledge examination papers put to children between ten and thirteen in a village school were referred to. They were re-



ENGAGED: MISS DOROTHY LOUISE NICHOLLS.

Miss Dorothy Nicholls, whose engagement to Captain Duncan Kirk, the Black Watch, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Kirk, of Hapatale, Ceylon, has been announced, is the daughter of General Sir William Nicholls, Royal Marine Artillery, and of Lady Nicholls.

Photograph by Swaine.

quired, among other things, to give brief accounts of Rabsi. keh, Darius, Shushan, Abana, Demetrius, Mnason, and Euroclydon—I confess I am not very sure which are places and which persons. The learned Judge admitted frankly that he was not learned enough to answer most of the questions, and my own "short accounts" would



MARRIED, MARCH 5: LIEUTENANT R. ARTHUR TOLLER—MISS PHYLLIS M. TEALE.

Lieutenant R. A. Toller, whose marriage to Miss Phyllis Maud Teale, daughter of Mrs. V. M. Teale, of Lower Seymour Street, W., took place yesterday, is in the Welsh Regiment, and is the only son of the late Mr. Richard Bremridge Toller, Barnstaple, Devon, and Mrs. Herbert Lyon.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

be very short indeed. One wonders whether any useful purpose is served by this kind of study of the Scriptures; its chief effect in most cases is to make people permanently unable to appreciate the great literary glories—to put it no higher—of the English version of the Bible. I have a good deal of sympathy with that flippant youth who, when asked to develop the argument of "undesigned coincidence," indicated its outlines in the barest way, and added, "For a highly elaborate and ingenious thesis on this subject, fortified by many apt illustrations, see Paley's 'Horae Paulinae,' and other works by the same divine."

"Sunbeam" Brassey.

The death of Lord Brassey is another reminder to middle-aged people that they are "getting on." I wonder how many under fifty have read "The Voyage of the *Sunbeam*," by Lady Brassey. Yet in its time it was quite a book to have read, and it even reached the distinction of being reprinted in those large flat paper-covered sixpenny editions which were so popular in the 'eighties. (By the way, the only perfect issue of the "Bab Ballads" was in this form; Gilbert toned down his extravagances in phrase and draughtsmanship when he reprinted them in a more expensive format.) Lord Brassey was a thoroughly Victorian type, though of the less stodgy order, for he took a great interest in letters, and was quite at home with men of genius. Though his father made a great fortune in railway contracting, Lord Brassey had no trace of the self-made man of the Smiles kind. Eton, Oxford, and the Bar were his preparation for an exceptionally varied and dignified career.



TO MARRY MAJOR GERARD THARP: THE HON. MRS. GEORGE MORRIS.

The Hon. Mrs. George Morris, whose engagement to Major Gerard Tharp, of the Rifle Brigade, has been announced, is the widow of the late Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. George Henry Morris, Irish Guards, who was killed in action in 1914, and she is a sister-in-law of Lord Killanin. Before her marriage, the Hon. Mrs. Morris was Miss Dora Maryan Hall, daughter of the late Mr. James Wesley Hall, of Melbourne, and she has a little son, Michael, born in 1914.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.

Back to the Bar. I notice that Sir Edward Carson is going back to the Bar. For some years he has resolutely dodged briefs, refusing offers of vast fees to go into Court. In most professions it is true that he who will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay. But that is not the case with a great advocate, and it was never less the case than to-day, when there is a rather scanty supply of first-rate talent at the Bar. Since Sir John Simon went to France there has been no really heavy gun available. I should not wonder, therefore, if Sir Edward Carson creates new records for fees—for, after all, he is, perhaps, the most eagerly sought wearer of silk living. It may be a matter for surprise to some that eloquence can have so vast a pecuniary value, but those who wonder can never have heard a brilliant counsel deal with a doubtful witness and, so to say, turn his evidence "inside out."



ENGAGED: MISS EVELYN MARY GREENHAM.

Miss Evelyn Greenham, whose engagement to Mr. Edmund Marriott Bosanquet, formerly of the R.G.A., eldest son of Mr. Edmund Bosanquet, of The Court, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucester, has been announced, is the only daughter of the Rev. F. J. Greenham, Vicar of Wotton-under-Edge.

Photograph by Lafayette.

WITH HIS WIFE: THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR IN LONDON.



PERSONALITIES OF GREAT INTEREST IN VIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS: VISCOUNT CHINDA
AND VISCOUNTESS CHINDA.

Viscount Chinda, who has been at the Japanese Embassy in London since 1916, has had a most distinguished diplomatic career. He had previously been Ambassador at Washington for five years, and before that Ambassador to Germany. He was educated at Depauw University, U.S.A., and then held successively the posts of Consul at San Francisco

and Chemulpo, Consul-General at Shanghai, and Minister Resident in Brazil, Holland, and Denmark, Russia, Sweden, and Norway. In 1901 he was Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs in Japan. He married Iwako, daughter of Itsuro Yamanaka, and they have two sons and one daughter.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



EVERYBODY says how well Lord Edmund Talbot is doing his deputy duty as Earl Marshal. "Everybody" includes the Prince of Wales, who, after taking his seat among the Lords, expressed himself to Lord Edmund accordingly. Similar compliments have been paid him by the two ducal supporters of the Prince on that occasion, Somerset and Beaufort, who never in their lives looked quite so burly before—partly because of their bulky robes, but mostly in contrast with the figure of the young Prince. And "everybody" includes the little boy Duke of Norfolk for whom his uncle does proxy, and who has been given, whenever possible, points of vantage from which to view the proceeding in which he plays a vicarious part. It is a good school in which to take his first lessons, though what he learns may seem at the moment but a dull game, and one that he will be glad to forget presently upon the sands of Littlehampton.

The Welcome Whip. Lord Edmund Talbot's

popularity is not confined to the Members of Parliament whom he officially Whips, or to the Peers whom he coaches, still holding the whip hand, in the intricacies of State ceremonies. It is a far cry from Westminster to Cape Town, and an even further cry from the Gilded Chamber to the bare "parlour" of a community of nuns. But this little story comes to mind. During the Boer War, when both Lord Edmund and his brother, the late Duke of Norfolk, were in South Africa, the Duke called on the Sisters of Nazareth, who said, "We're all charmed with Lord Edmund Talbot." "Why, so am I," cried his brother. And then followed the hearty laughter for which he was famous, and which I find people here still miss, at any new comedy, from the theatre stalls.

Lent in London. Lady Sybil Cutting, one of the first Englishwomen who became wives of Americans, and who has been a widow these eight years, is engaged to Mr. Scott, an Eng-



A VOLUNTEER HOSPITAL NURSE: MISS ROSAMOND GROSVENOR.

Miss Grosvenor is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Algernon Grosvenor, of South Street, Park Lane, and is acting as a nurse in the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Beckett's Hospital, in Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.

lishman who has done some excellent architectural work in Florence, the city in which Lady Sybil has long had her beautiful home. For the moment Mr. Scott is in Rome, where he is doing war work at our Embassy; but the marriage, on which the English colony in Florence looks with particular favour, will not be very long delayed. In London, Lent has affected much less than in ordinary years the number of marriages celebrated during its forty days of austerity. Among Cardinal Bourne's flock, indeed, the usual laws of abstinence and fasting have given way before war conditions, for everybody has his meatless days now, regardless of the calendar. Even Roman Catholic marriages, which ordinarily are not celebrated during Lent, find themselves fitting into the rules of "leave" and other war regulations. Miss Maxwell-Scott's marriage with Captain Morton Anderson, for instance, is fixed for March 11.

The Somerset Somersault.

Lady Frances Balfour did not stand in a queue so that people might say that really queues are the limit. On the contrary, she stood there in order to show that, if queues are necessary for anybody, they ought to be necessary for all. A Duchess or two might place their names permanently in a footnote to history by diligently following suit. Lady Frances, by the way, has at least one Duchess among her neophytes in the matter of votes for women. The Duchess of Somerset, talking the other day in Grosvenor Square about the Wyndham Day Nursery, confessed that her old opposition to women's "interference" had yielded to her new experiences of woman's capacity and resourcefulness. But she still thought it might be well to let men imagine that they did things better. She laid the stress on "imagine." And the Duke was not within earshot.

Not Yet. Miss Helena Normanton's request to become a student at the Inns of Court has not met with the "enlightened" consideration that the applicant hoped. The Masters of the Bench have politely but firmly refused her admission, and the prospect of a woman barrister at the Law Courts recedes once more into the distance. Whether or not it is true that the public is as ready to employ the female as the male legal luminary, only experience can show, but it is certain that the presence of Eve in the Courts would impart a piquant interest to the dullest of "Causes."

No Stone Unturned.

So everything is to be pressed into war service—even pearls! Diamonds already had their war-like traditions, long before modern London had any idea of setting them in a Red Cross. There was that great Indian diamond with a pale-violet-pink colour that was all its own. It was captured by Babar when he came, the Moslem conqueror of India, the first of the Mogul Emperors. Swimming every river that crossed his path, riding his 160 miles in two Indian days, drinking deep in forbidden wine-cups night by night, the Moslem romped across his empire with that diamond nodding in his cap. His son wore it, and his son's son, Akbar, the greatest of the line, who wrote in his temple of Kashmir, "O God, in every temple I see people who see Thee." Europe, by the eyes of Tavernier, first saw that jewel in 1665; and in our own time it came, as all things will, to London, labelled £13,000. These are among the memories revived by the recent exhibition in Regent Street. And now pearls of great price are to join up with diamonds; and Princess Victoria presides over the great Red Cross Pearl Necklace scheme.



NIECE OF A DISTINGUISHED OFFICER: MISS PAMELA COBBOLD.

Miss Pamela Cobbold, who, but for the war, would have been a débutante of the coming Season, is the youngest daughter of Lady Evelyn Cobbold, and niece of the Earl of Dunmore, V.C., M.V.O., D.S.O. Her only brother, Captain John Murray Cobbold, is in the Scots Guards.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



A KEEN WAR-WORKER: MRS. A. SOAMES.

Mrs. Soames is the wife of Captain Soames, of the Grenadier Guards, and is an untiring worker, interested actively in various forms of war effort.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.

ENTERTAINING LONDON : FOUR FOOTLIGHT FAVOURITES.



LULU IN "YES, UNCLE!" MISS NORAH SWINBOURNE.



IN "THE BOY" : MISS MARJORIE A. SHIRLEY.



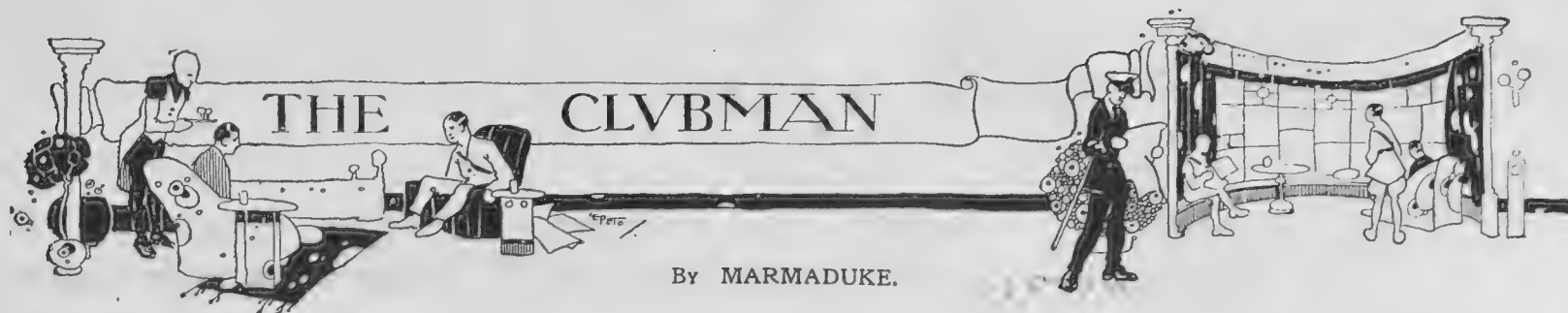
IN "THE LILAC DOMINO" : MISS JOSEPHINE EARLE.



IN "THE BETTER 'OLE" : MISS GRACE MITCHELL.

Miss Norah Swinbourne is appearing as Lulu, one of the Models, in "Yes, Uncle!" at the Prince of Wales's. Miss Marjorie A. Shirley is in "The Boy," at the Adelphi, and Miss Grace Mitchell in "The Better 'Ole," at the Oxford. Miss Josephine Earle takes the part of Leonie Forde, the

heroine's friend in the new operetta, "The Lilac Domino," which has displaced revue at the Empire. She acts and sings with much spirit, especially in a quintet called "Ladies' Day," a burlesque of ballet dancing.—[Photographs by Elliott and Fry, and Press Portrait Bureau.]



By MARMADUKE.

EURIPIDES has written—

I hate the man that keeps his praise
For foreign policy and ways;
And shows his wit and lack of sense
At his own countrymen's expense.

It is obvious to the reasonable that Great Britain has surpassed all expectation since war was sprung upon her three-and-a-half years ago—especially in the conditions prevailing in the public service at the time. "Why make much of miracles?" Walt Whitman asks. "For me, life is an endless chain of them!" The achievements of the nation have been little less than miraculous in the crisis; and it is equally unjust and unwise to call the authorities to account for occasional errors.

There is a matter, nevertheless, that is causing grave anxiety at the better clubs in London—though most members directly or indirectly concerned, being men of the world, admit the proposed reforms are not altogether unjustified. The decision not only to reorganise the Departments, but to alter completely the conditions of employment under Government, must necessarily affect Mayfair severely; for generations past it has been the recognised formula in "Society" that "The elder son shall live on the estate; the younger, on the State."

Much of the unpopularity Lord Salisbury earned towards the end of his career arose from his disregard of the "principle"; he seldom missed an opportunity of ridiculing the "Permanent Staffs,"



AT AN ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN FOR CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS BY THE STAFF OF MESSRS. DICKINS AND JONES: A TABLEAU IN CHINESE STYLE.

and expressing disapproval of "interest" being an element in the appointment of candidates to the Civil Service. A sarcasm Lord Salisbury uttered with regard to the subject has rankled in the minds of many to the day: "It is a penalty of the Party System that every Ministry has to provide a competency for the incompetent."

To the uneasiness referred to has recently been added, moreover, much irritation, a distinguished ex-Civil Servant having "coined" (for private circulation) a number of epigrams at the expense of former colleagues, amongst the more resented being the following—

"Merit is a middle-class substitute for 'favouritism'—generally associated with offensiveness and occasionally implying intelligence."

"Life in the Public Service would be tolerable—were it not for the Public."

"'Favouritism' was given to Mayfair to provide younger sons with employment to which cannot be attached the reproach of 'work.'"

"The secrecy observed at the Foreign Office does not arise from there being anything to conceal—but from anxiety not to disclose that nothing is being done."

The English newspapers have undoubtedly been of great assistance in the war, and the services they have rendered upon occasion

will be recorded to their credit by historians to the end of time. Without references to instances that have been made public, however, it is not to be denied that the zeal of journalists has occasionally led to indiscretions being committed. There is a story that will bear re-telling—for the purpose of application. A burglary once occurred at the country house of a prominent banker, the account of which published in the local newspaper on the following day mentioned that "Fortunately, the thieves, in their hurry, failed to open a drawer on the right-hand side of the writing-table in the study containing a large number of bank-notes."



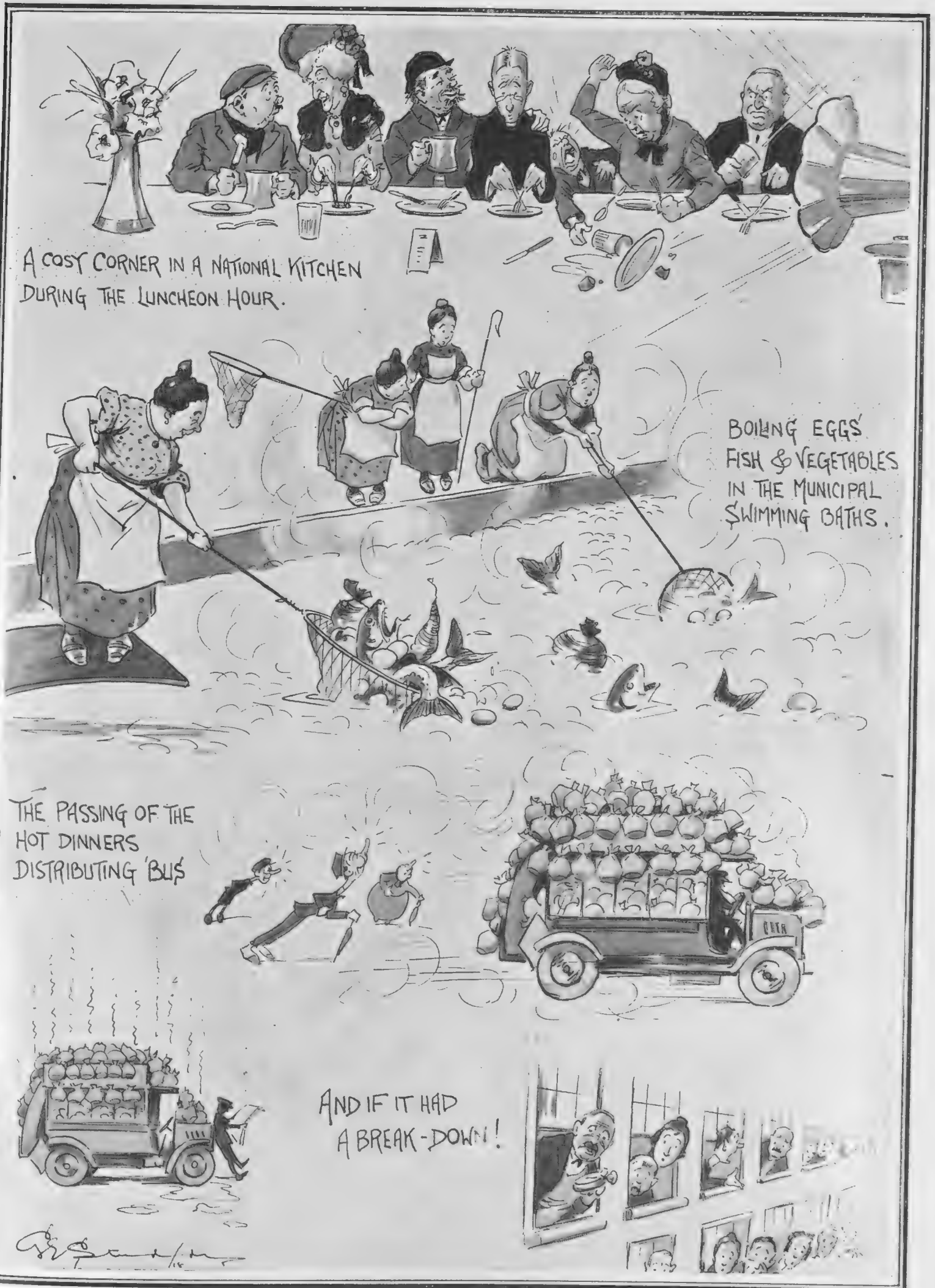
AT AN ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN FOR CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS BY THE STAFF OF MESSRS. DICKINS AND JONES: A FASCINATING AND DAINTY FLAG-AND-FLOWER TABLEAU.

The editor of the newspaper received, a day or two later, the following letter: "DEAR SIR,—I cannot sufficiently thank you for the information provided in your always interesting and accurate journal. It was correct in every respect, for, upon returning to the house last night, the notes were found. They are now in my possession, and I write at once to express my gratitude." It is to be feared that the Germans might be entitled to write at times to the same effect to the editors of some of the English newspapers!

The amusing incident reported concerning the officer who insisted upon obeying orders irrespective of the rank of those claiming immunity is not an isolated case of the kind. When the Lancers were embarking at Southampton, in 1879, for South Africa, on the occasion of the Zulu War, the Duke of Cambridge (then Commander-in-Chief) accompanied General Fred Marshall from London to see the regiment start. Together with the Duke and General Marshall were the Duke of Sutherland, Mr. W. H. Russell (the celebrated war-correspondent), and several other guests of equal distinction. Upon their reaching the dock-gates, the Officer in Charge refused to admit any of them with the exception of General Marshall, insisting that it was contrary to orders to permit the others to pass.

The Duke of Cambridge, being highly indignant, threatened to report the matter to the "Horse Guards," to which the officer replied that he "didn't care a d—n for the 'Horse Guards.'" In the event, the party succeeded in slipping in unobserved and boarded the ship. The difficulties, however, did not cease with the triumph, for, soon after, the Captain ordered the anchor to be weighed, the vessel starting—with the Duke and the other eminent visitors—and under orders not to touch port before reaching Natal! It took hours to persuade the Captain to signal for a tug to release them from the embarrassing situation! Eventually, no official notice was taken even of the disrespectful allusion to the "Horse Guards."

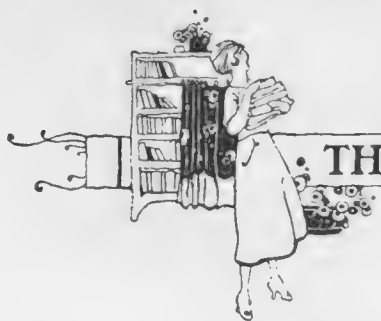
WHEN NATIONAL KITCHENS COME IN BULK!



"We are going to try to get all classes. We shall ask the Parks Superintendents to put flowers in them [National Kitchens], and I see no reason why gramophones and electrical pianos should not be provided. The authorities

will also be able to use public baths and their steam appliances. We see no difficulty in getting electrical appliances on tram-cars or gas-bags on motor-buses for transport and keeping food warm."—Daily Paper.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



MOST of our misfortunes would never happen, and we shouldn't think it worth while to be unjust to each other, if common-sense were really common among us. But you seldom come across anybody who possesses more than a little, and usually, when you happen to meet him, he is out for the day without the little that belongs to him.

Perhaps it is a feminine rather than a masculine gift. I agree with the author of "Jinty and the Boys" (which, in its new edition, I have read for the first time) that, anyhow, in domestic affairs "women are not specious; they are hard, practical creatures, wholly devoid of sentiment, considering only rent and rates, gas and coal, clothes and school-bills." It was Dad who bought the motor-car he couldn't afford, and Mother who protested against the extravagance.

An average man of business is like that; he is not actually a business man—otherwise the Bankruptcy Court would not be so busy, nor lawyers so rich. The hero of "Drifting (with Browne)" is a man of business; but half the fun of the story (which is not so funny as it tries to be) arises from his stupidity. Particularly outside his office he is a considerable ass, and might have made a mess even of his love-affair if an accident and the girl hadn't helped him through.

The most practical men, in my experience, have generally been poets, artists, and such as are traditionally labelled unbusiness-like. Everybody knows that Shakespeare had a shrewd business mind, yet it will astonish some that a level-headed book like "The Art of Keeping Well" could be written by one who also writes poetry. Since I read his "Granite Dust" and "New Poems," I have counted Ronald Macfie among our finest living poets, and had forgotten he was a doctor of medicine; but here he is, offering the soundest advice on food and feeding, sleep and clothing, and how to be healthy without being too healthy to be happy. His outlook everywhere is as sane as in his advice on drinking and smoking. Poisons make good medicines, and drink is not an unmitigated evil. Even if it detracts slightly from a man's efficiency, he says, "efficiency is not everything in life"; man has emotions and social instincts, and it is for his happiness that he should work with contentment and goodwill as well as capably. If he cannot drink a little without craving for more, he should leave alcohol alone; but, broadly speaking, "life is not to be judged merely by its intellectual and muscular output or its length." Paderewski may shorten his existence by his emotional responses to the stimuli of music; but, if his own life and the lives of others are the happier for his musical excesses, "who will consider them wasteful or unwise?" So with tobacco; Mr. Macfie grants that it may somewhat impair the powers of the heart, but most men are not athletes "and may barter a certain amount of heart power for heart ease." Happiness is itself a stimulant, and probably the comfort and solace found in a pipe make up for any physiological harm it does." So that's that, and I wish every reformer who can't realise that what is bad for him may still be good for others could be inoculated with this poet's common-sense.

Common-sense is, of course, a natural habit of mind. It is still

common with primitive people, and with poets and women—who are more innately human than the orthodox civilised person. Nowadays we have acquired unnatural, scientific habits of mind, and for most of us common-sense has gone out of fashion with the other simplicities of our rude forefathers. It underlies the fantastic extravagances of the "Czech Folk Tales"—a queer, entertaining collection—and all those old fairy-stories that still appeal to the unsophisticated. And it is in keeping with this theory that plain common-sense should be the ruling passion of the heroines of "The Foolishness of Lilian" and "A History of Departed Things."

Lilian grows up in a slum, the daughter of a real but badly damaged gentleman. At fourteen, knowing many things it is thought improper for girls to know, she starts work in a factory, and there sees the truth of Byron's saying that "Nothing but virtue pays in this damned world," and is prudent accordingly. She means to

be good, and, partly for that reason, is determined to make money, and makes some as a money-lender in a small way. Then she goes to London, and discovers that it is not more difficult to be virtuous on the stage than elsewhere: "knowledge is the best defence, particularly if knowledge is backed by a sense of humour"—which latter she considers "a wonderful protection against sin." Parsons and moralists seem able to manage without any; but I think, with Lilian, that the bishops ought not to ordain any candidate who lacks that saving grace.

In spite of all, she is as charming as the sensible Bettina, in "A History of Departed Things," who marries at nineteen, because "you know, Charlotte, I fall in love so easily, and always with anybody who talks to me in the right voice, married or not; it really is safest for me to marry Francis at once." After marriage, she owns that "to be preoccupied with a dream-lover is in some ways happier than to sit down every day of the week to a leg of mutton and the Beloved himself." She is, however, kind and faithful to Francis, till he makes a widow of her; and, a generation later, sooner than spoil her own life and her lover's for a mere sentiment, she shocks her friends by marrying the man who was to have married her daughter and had seemed heart-broken when she died. Yet she is so lovable and womanly that one succumbs to her fascinations and forgives her for being practical. You get her story and her character mainly from her

letters—wise and witty letters, written with such an air of truth that the book may be either biography or fiction; but, if Bettina had edited it instead of Charlotte, she would have been too 'cute to hang such a millstone of a title round its neck.



THE WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN ARTIST:
MRS. C. R. W. NEVINSON.

Mrs. Nevinson is the wife of the much-discussed painter, Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson, who is an official artist on the Western Front, in France. Mr. Nevinson's Exhibition of his pictures, at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, may be counted upon to get art-loving circles in London talking.—[Photograph by Bertram Park.]

BOOKS TO READ.

- Jinty and the Boys. By Bennet Copplestone. New Edition. (Murray.)
Drifting (With Browne). By Byers Fletcher. Illustrated. (Heinemann.)
The Art of Keeping Well. By Ronald Campbell Macfie. (Cassell.)
Czech Folk Tales. By Dr. Josef Baudis. Illustrated. (Allen and Unwin.)
The Foolishness of Lilian. By Jessie Champion. (John Lane.)
A History of Departed Things. By Mrs. Henry Head. (Kegan Paul.)
Lady Mary's Money. By G. B. Burgin. (Hutchinson.)
The Red Flower. Poems in War-Time. By Henry van Dyke. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger. (Constable.)
Mrs. Holmes, Commandant. By R. E. Forbes. (Edward Arnold.)

"DRIFTIN' ABOUT."

TRY IT: YOU'LL LIKE IT!

"THE Americans," said someone, "wear too much expression on their faces." Let us be careful we don't go and do the same; for the "expression" referred to is by no means a woo-and-win affair, but the outward and visible sign of an inward and mischievous nerve-pressure. "Driftin'" is the remedy. I discovered it, proved it, and give you the idea for nothing. Just slow down awhile, cool off, drift.

I have just done my once-a-week drift through Harrods, or through a part of it. It's an education, a fascination, a recreation all in one.

I mind me of the someone who essayed to compliment Talleyrand by remarking that he would make history, only to hear the wit retort, "Madam, I am History," and I feel a certain feebleness in venturing to say that this, that, or the other at Harrods is tasteful or stylish or of fine quality—half-expectant that the Great House will regard me sternly as who should say, "Madam, we are Style, and Taste, and Quality."

I drifted through that department which "all night, all day," wafts the odours of a thousand Arabies, and learned a few facts which may be worth the passing on.

HARMONY, LADIES. HARMONY!

Most of us, I think, realise the wisdom of adhering to one harmonious "scheme" in choosing perfumes—not necessarily keeping to the identical odours for soap, cream, powder, and the rest of it, but taking care that, say, heavy perfumes and light do not come into collision about our clothes or person. It is evident that Harrods perfumers keep this steadily in view, or they would never have prepared their delightful perfumes in "series" as they have done.

Take the most recent—and in some respects the greatest—favourite, Harrods "Silhouette." Here is "Parfum Silhouette" in graceful bottles, charmingly encased, at 14s. 6d.; here is "Silhouette" Face-Powder, a marvel of elegance and "imperceptibility," at 6s. 6d.; here is "Silhouette" Toilet Soap, three exquisite tablets, artistically boxed, at 6s. 6d.; and so on, through the delightful gamut of Bath-Salts, Sachets, Eau de Toilette, Bath Dusting Powder, Vanishing Cream, Skin Food, and so forth.

Coming from the comparative heaviness of "Parfum Silhouette," we have "Tudor Rose" Perfume, a triumph of airy daintiness, like a zephyr-borne memory of some old-world garden. "Tudor Rose" sprang into immediate favour, and, fortunately, all the delightful "Tudor Rose" retinue of attendant "beautifiers" are now obtainable—powder, soaps, and so forth. "Tudor Rose" Perfume is offered at 3s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 9s. 6d., to 18s. 6d.; "Tudor Rose" Face-Powder is 4s. 6d.; "Tudor Rose" Bath-Salts, 2s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 12s. 6d.

Then comes Harrods "Dorrah" Perfume, an Oriental type, full and wondrously rich; and Harrods "Parfum Météor," expressive of Persian gorgeousness. Among what we may call the medium type are "Parfum Russe" and "Parfum Sonia"—each in its separate sphere a triumph.

The "lightest," or "highest-keyed," favourites include "Muguet Exquis" (lily-of-the-valley), "Cyclamen d'Or," and "Rubens Lilac"—the latter a marvellously faithful rendering of the very subtle fragrance of the living flower.

Of the making of Face-Powders, indeed, at Harrods there seems to be no end; one has only to remember, for example, that each of the foregoing has its characteristic "powder" in six shades to realise something of the choice available. The six shades are Blanche, Rachel, Rachel Foncé, Rosée, Naturelle, and Soir.

A most courteous assistant proffered a sample, and assured me that Harrod's would gladly send samples of any of these shades to such of my friends as cared to send a line for them—yes, even though such friends might include every reader of these lines.

SOME VERY OLD FRIENDS.

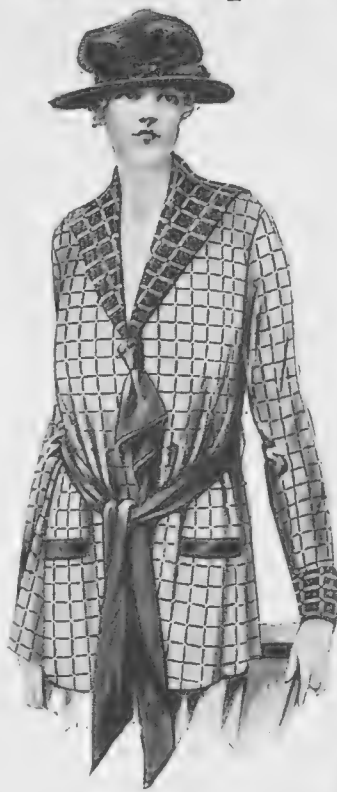
Says the proverb, "It's well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new"; and though this may be well enough in its way, some of us are happily not desirous of being "off" with our old loves at all! How many, for instance, would think of discarding allegiance to those oldest loves of the perfume world—Lavender Water and Eau-de-Cologne?

Now Harrods evidently appreciate this too, for their Eau-de-Cologne and Lavender Water are irreproachable. Immense care is given to the preparation of these established favourites in Harrods own laboratories, and, despite spirit scarcity, the prices remain most attractively reasonable—the finest Old English Lavender Water being obtainable at 4s. 6d., 8s. 6d., and 16s. 6d. Harrods Eau-de-Cologne is 3s. 6d., 6s. 9d., and, for a pint, 17s. 6d.

I would like to tell you more, but, alas! I have already "drifted" to the verge of my allotted space. The best thing you can do is to "drift" to this same wonderful section of Harrods yourself; you will drift to good purpose!

The Spring-time Note at Harrods!

Some dainty Suggestions from the wealth of Novelties on view in Harrods wondrous Salons.



For distinction, this charming Sports Pull-over—the K.C. Vivian—of artificial silk would be hard to improve upon. The check effects are in contrasting colours, and the deep sailor collar is in reversible tone, with plain sash to match; 84/- is indeed moderate for such a thing of beauty and such a joy.



This charming pure silk Pull-over—K.C. Nancy—has a large sailor collar in self colour. It fastens with two large buttons and sash, and is on view in a delightful range of effective stripes. Price 89/6.



This O.U. Muriel Sleeping-Suit is in Heavy Crêpe-de-Chine, smocked. Being designed and made in Harrods own workrooms, the quality and workmanship are above reproach. In Sky, Pink, Helio, Lemon, and Black, at 69/-.



Here is Fashion's latest and most exclusive Favourite, Harrods delightful "Parfum Silhouette." I cannot possibly describe its indefinable lingering sweetness, but I can give you this advice—to try it! An artistic bottle beautifully encased, is yours for 14/6. Face Powders, Bath Salts and Soaps are all obtainable with the same captivating bouquet.

These Pure Silk Combinations, daintily trimmed Silk Lace, are on view on Harrods Ground Floor, and are offered in White, Pink, & Black, at 61/6; with vests to match at 28/6.



Another of the New Spring arrivals is this Heavy Milanese Vest. It is hand scalloped and finished at front with an effective satin bow. Excellent value at 41/6; with elastic-waisted Knickers to match at 41/6.

Harrods, Ltd., London, S.W.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

YOU and I cannot help admiring the amiable unexclusiveness of Miss Helena Normanton in recommending man to desert his trousers for the kilt. Hitherto we have found women rather jealous of their own prevailing mode!

When I begirt myself in skirt, as in the fashion journals, I trust I'm not to wear the lot of feminine externals! I do not fancy any man his knotted knees exposing to every eye that passes by in silk transparent hosing!

Nor can I let the matter go at that. Miss Normanton asserts that "if men want to look dignified they should put on robes and be-skirt themselves at once." Is she too young to have seen the



"TANKARDS"—WITH "SOMETHING IN THEM": THEATRICALS IN PALESTINE.

The cumbrous but invaluable "Tanks" have had their name adopted by a clever theatrical party, the members of which belong, from the military point of view, to the Tank Corps. Dressed in pierrot style, they are finding high favour with their comrades.

Photograph by C.N.

last revival at His Majesty's of "Julius Cæsar"? If not, and if she saw it, can she so soon have forgotten the "Senators, Guards, Attendants," etc.—to say nothing of that "rabble of Citizens"?

I smile to think of men I know, and men who know not me, in dinky "petties" scarce below the knuckle of the knee! The Daniel Lambert of the train—what joy to see him sit his carcase down beside the vain young Simon Tappertit! What funnier sight in all the globe than "Dan" and "Sim" in skirt and robe?

In fancy free, I love to go, as silent as a mouse, to gaze upon the Beauty Show of Members of the House! With visionary eye alert, I note the jealousy awakened by the charming skirt of Mr. D. L. G.! And what more comical on earth than Asquith in a robe by Worth?

Are you popular at the Information Kiosks, where they tell you, by booklet and leaflet and pamphlet, all about the needs and demands of the war? I'm afraid I'm not! There is a limit even to the patience of the London and North-Western Angel who presides over the Euston Knowledge Depot, and there are dark indications in her brow that I have reached it.

I want to know how men in the "professions" are to live, who, getting now less work to do, must more in taxes give? I want to know what sacrifice the man of Labour makes whose dearer food is paid for by the larger wage he takes? I want to know why you and I must educate his kids, and take our own from school to find the necessary "quids"? I want to know why journals make this fuss about his meat, while you and I consider even substitutes a treat?

I want to know the moral laws (if any) that defend the case of Smaller Cigarettes v. Larger Dividend? I want to know how many Jews are fighting in the line, compared with Christian soldiers, for the fruits of Palestine? I want to know why Englishmen were fined for hoarding tea, while German knights (though naturalised) to-day are let off free? In point of fact, I want to know innumerable things, from "shoes and ships and sealing-wax" to "cabbages and Kings."

I want to know why jobs are found for men of doubtful fame, while nothing goes to gentlemen who nobly play the game? I want to know if true it is that, should you want a "place," you've only got to be a fool or else a damned disgrace? I want to know if all this "Save Your Paper" stunt is done that War Official lady clerks may waste it by the ton? I want to know why Browns, and Jones, and Robinsons, and such—"Oh, go away," the Angel said; "you want to know too much!"

N.B.—The above may be recited in Parliament by any respectable member of that mutilated body on the following very important conditions—

(1) That, obviously, no applicant for the honour must belong to the gang whose questions are treacherously framed with the view of extracting valuable information for our enemies.

(2) That the reciter must pause after every note of interrogation, to give the loud cheers a chance.

(3) That, at the end of the recital, he will refuse to be comforted with replies of the "I-am-not-aware" sort, and start reciting it all over again. Startling confessions will then come tumbling in by the score.

The latest phase of the Sinn Fein development is the seizing and slaughtering of pigs.

True it is what sages say of the men of Earthly Mother: "Give the lawless but their way, and they'll murder one another!"

A. B. M.



AN INTERVAL FOR—FOOTBALL: OUR CHEERY TROOPS IN PALESTINE.

Our gallant Tank men, who have done such splendid work in the war, are seen here in Palestine, off duty, and enjoying a football match with all the enthusiasm associated in other days with the matches at Queen's Club Ground.—[Photograph by C.N.]

PELMANISM.

"THE LITTLE GREY BOOKS."

NO books have achieved greater popularity during the war than "the little grey books," as they are affectionately called.

Soldiers pore over them in the trenches; sailors scan them in their brief intervals of leisure in the Grand Fleet; business men and women consult them at every possible opportunity; lawyers, doctors, and students find them an ever-ready source of help, stimulation, and encouragement.

In fact, everybody is studying these wonderful "little grey books" in which the principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly explained: "Pelmanism"—that extraordinary new force in modern life—the "cardinal factor of success," to quote "TRUTH'S" telling phrase.

If you do not know the "little grey books" you should hasten to make up for lost time. "Nobody who has not studied these books," says an ardent Pelmanist, "can conceive the immeasurable benefit resulting from them."

"A single one of them would be cheap to me at one hundred pounds," declares a solicitor. "As a direct consequence of them I gained a step in promotion," writes a Lieutenant-Colonel.

Many clerks, shop assistants and salesmen tell how they doubled and trebled their incomes as the result of a few weeks' study of the Pelman Course. Tradesmen tell of "record turnover" and 100 per cent. and 200 per cent. increase in profits. The latest batch of reports from Pelman students show that less than half per cent.—not one in a hundred—failed to gain substantial advantages from the Pelman Course.

And all at the price of half an hour or so a day for a few weeks! It sounds too good to be true; but there are thousands of letters to prove that it is absolutely true. There is not a class, not a business or trade or profession in these islands in which Pelmanism has not proved itself a wonderful help to success, increasing efficiency and developing "braininess" to such a degree that promotion and a bigger salary follow as surely as night follows day.

Women are particularly keen on Pelmanism; it has proved such an enormous help to them in "getting on" in business. Many of them describe it as "the best investment I ever made."

Moreover, they find it a truly fascinating study. "I am genuinely sorry the course has finished. I have found it so absorbingly interesting as well as profitable." These are the exact words used by students.

"TRUTH" has lately made another report upon the progress of Pelmanism, and confesses it would be impossible to name a business or vocation in which there were not hundreds of Pelman students.

Army and Navy officers are very "keen on Pelman"; nearly 80 Generals and Admirals, as well as over 20,000 other officers and men, are studying it. A large number of *Sketch* readers have taken it, and have already profited by it in income and position.

An opportunity now occurs for those readers who have not yet made the acquaintance of the "little grey books" to rectify that omission.

The directors of the Institute have arranged a substantial reduction in the fee to enable readers of *The Sketch* to secure the complete course with a minimum outlay.

To get the benefit of this liberal offer application should be made at once by postcard to the address given.

INTERESTING LETTERS.

From a Director.

"I consider the Pelman Course is of the utmost value. It teaches one how to observe and to think in the right way, which few realise who have not studied it. The great charm to me was the realisation of greater power; power to train oneself for more and more efficiency. I gained from each lesson right up to the end of the Course."

From a Clerk.

"Looking back over the time since I first enrolled for the Course, I marvel at the changed outlook and wide sphere which it opened out to me. The personal benefits are a great increase of self-confidence and a thousandfold better memory. If only the public knew your Course I am sure your offices would be literally besieged by prospective students."

From a Merchant.

"I think it right that I should tell you what benefits I have derived from the study. The greatest benefit is a larger interest in life—a keener appetite for business. It has awakened me to a fuller knowledge of myself, giving me more self-confidence, and making my powers of observation more exact."

From a Works Manager.

"Your system has certainly been of great assistance to me in a variety of ways. Up to recently I was works manager for a big firm of yarn spinners, but have now attained the position of right-hand to the owners, being removed from the executive to the administrative side of the business."

From a Bank Cashier.

"I have much pleasure in testifying to the practical value of the Pelman System as a means of developing one's mental powers. My chief regret is that I did not take the Course years ago. I have found the training of great value in clearness of mental vision, quickness of decision, and greater self-confidence. The outlay is quite nominal compared with the great advantages attained."

From a Textile Buyer.

"From my own experience I would strongly recommend the Pelman Course to all who are ambitious and keenly desirous of success. Perhaps its greatest value is that it causes one to feel more independent of circumstances of any and every kind; it tends to transfer our destiny from chance into our own keeping."

From a Coach Builder.

"It is a pleasure to me to express my appreciation of the Pelman System. My powers of observation and concentration have increased so enormously that it seems scarcely possible for such improvements to have taken place in so short a time. There seems to be no limit to the possibilities of the System."

IMMEDIATE BENEFIT.

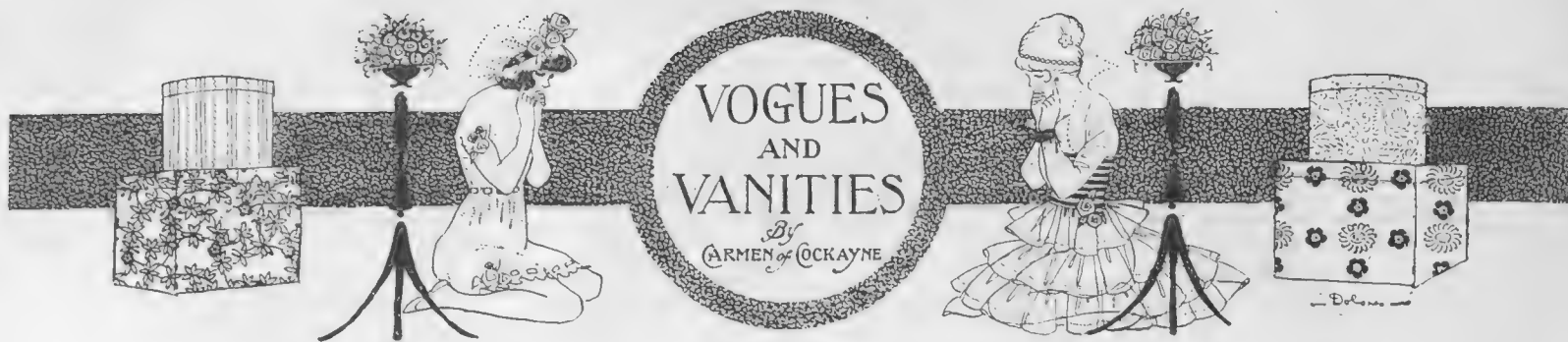
"Benefit," says "TRUTH," "is derived from the very first, and this is the general experience of the vast majority of the students. Almost before they are aware of it the brain is being set methodically to work on the lines which will bring out its full capacity."

Over 250,000 Men and Women.

The Pelman Course has already been followed by over 250,000 men and women. *It is directed through the post, and is simple to follow.* It takes up very little time. It involves no hard study. It can be practised anywhere—in the trenches, in the office, in the train, in spare minutes during the day. And yet in quite a short time it has the effect of developing the mind, just as physical exercise develops the muscles, of increasing your personal efficiency, and thus doubling your all-round capacity and income-earning power.

FREE—WRITE TO-DAY.

By writing to-day to the Pelman Institute, 41, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1, you will receive, *gratis and post free*, a copy of "Mind and Memory," in which the Pelman Course is fully described and explained. The Course is taught by post, and can be studied anywhere and at any time—at home, in the office, at lunch, in the train. There is nothing "technical," difficult, or tiresome about it. You will find the study a source of real pleasure, as well as of immense and life-long benefit. Remember, "Mind and Memory" will cost you nothing, and with it you will receive also a free copy of "TRUTH'S" famous Report, which has been described as "an amazing document," full of the most absorbingly interesting facts about Pelmanism, and containing many letters from people who have benefited by it.



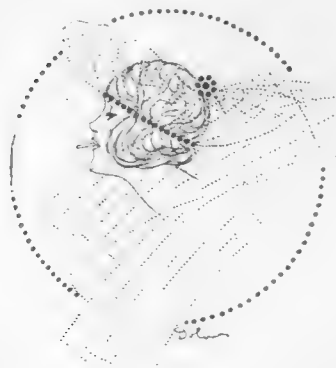
It's Come at Last.

To reassure the timid, I hasten to add that the Government have not, at present, any intention of putting in a Dress Controller, so

The national dress has come at last. Not in the form of a suggestion—there have been many suggestions already—but as a complete frock. To that the wearing or ignoring of the new garment is a matter upon which women are left complete freedom of choice. No one need be "national" in the dress sense unless they want to, and it's still open to every woman to worship at the shrine of fashion in the time-honoured way.

Some Characteristics.

But there are lots of women who will welcome the newcomer with open arms. After all, even if you decide to cast aside the poms and vanities of fashion in the ordinary sense of the word, and resolve to go through



A flower-shaped hat of tulle is the latest conceit for evening wear.

life, until peace comes, in a "war" dress, there are still six ways of feeling that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is the poorer by several War Savings certificates. Besides, there are still a great many people who would like to feel that they are dressed like a princess; and, now that Princess Mary is credited with having ordered two of the "national" frocks, it is up to those who hanker to dress "royally" to follow her example and invest in the twin-seamed, hookless, buttonless, press-fastenerless innovation which is going to save forty per cent. of material and help to win the war.

Spring Fashion.

Meantime, spring fashions grow more attractive every day, and each new model launched shows some "feature" that distinguishes it sharply from the frocks of the season that is passing away. The "camouflage" panel is the latest device for leading the unwary into the narrow skirt that figures in three out of every four of the latest gowns. Even the coat-and-skirt has succumbed to the prevailing tendency to "do without" and attempts to disguise its meagre proportions under the veil of floating panels which give it a wholly specious appearance of width and comfort. The panel idea can be exploited in all sorts of ways. It appeared the other day hanging from the shoulders of a frock which simply slipped over the head of the wearer, and was innocent of any sort



The two-colour gown is Fashion's latest favourite. Dolores suggests a coat of indigo-blue faille for a skirt of dull-red and indigo-blue brocade.

of fastening. Two large, white, pearl buttons held it to the hem of the skirt, and the back view suggested nothing so much as a loose sack, although the dress itself was of the rationed persuasion. Fashion, however, is not quite so arbitrary as her critics make out, and the dress was provided with a girdle of knitted wool which could be worn over the panel at the discretion of the owner. The particular scheme was worked out in black and rather bright blue, the hem of the frock being bound with a woollen band that suggested the comforters which every woman has learnt to make during the last three and a-half years. Incidentally, it was simply one more instance of fashion's genius for raising the commonplace to the level of the unusual.

The Blameless Head.

It may or may not be true, as the cynics say, that the best part of a woman's head is what she carries outside it, but at any rate fashion-makers seem determined that women's heads, when they go to theatres, restaurants, or merely dine at home, shall be above reproach. The distinctly Oriental flavour that clings about so many frocks just now is reflected in the turbans of tulle and tissue provided for evening wear; and, as practically no limit is placed on styles or materials, there is plenty of scope for the exercise of originality and artistic taste. Brightly coloured sequin caps that fit close to the head, and are provided with long drop ornaments over each ear, are fitting accompaniments for the "trousered" tea-gowns that are steadily winning their way to favour, though no woman is forced to hide her crowning glory under an artificial covering, as all sorts of glittering coronets, bands, palisades, and conning-tower-like devices are provided as alternatives by those whose business it is to make women look beautiful in war-time.



There are times when even a serpent may look attractive—when it is made of jet sequins and silver, for instance, and wound round a turban.

Still Going Strong.

It is comforting to know that Fashion does not mean to exercise her right of changing her mind at the expense of the jumper, which now occupies the place a blouse once held in women's affections. Of course, the jumper was always comfortable, but it wasn't till a few months ago that, thanks to the efforts of the dressmakers, it was given a place in the ranks of things accounted "smart." Now no wardrobe is complete unless it includes at least half-a-dozen jumpers, amongst its contents. Its popularity is not surprising. No other garment can adapt itself so well to any and every occasion as the comfortable slip-over-head affair, which is the delight of the war worker, the "busy" dilettante, and the frankly fashionable woman. For the spring, at least, it has an assured future, and one recently seen attractive example of the jumper frock—which, by the way, has the virtue of being almost universally becoming—was worked out in pale-grey silk stock-inette lavishly embroidered in silver thread.



Much can be done with tulle drawn half across the face and reinforced by a jewelled fillet and a high comb.



PRE-EMINENT IN
PRE-WAR DAYS



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A Pleasant Tonic
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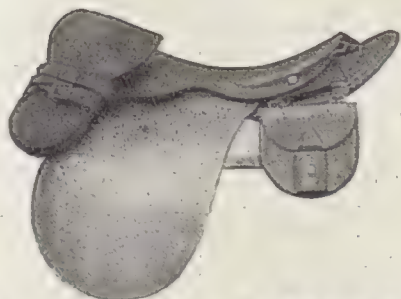
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Manufacturers
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Leather Equipment
Sam Browne Belts,
Leggings, and
Spurs and Straps.

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LONDON, W.C. 2.**

The Skye Liqueur
A Link with the '45.

Drambuie

The recipe of this much prized Scotch Liqueur was given to one of the Mackinnons of Skye by a Highland gentleman in the body-guard of Prince Charles as a souvenir for Mackinnon's assistance in aiding the Prince to escape capture. Its secret has been carefully preserved and the manufacture has been carried on by successive members of the Mackinnon family ever since the '45.

It is a delightful liqueur, rich and mellow in flavour. It has long held the post of honour on the tables of the oldest and best known of the great West Highland families.

Ask for it at your Restaurant or Hotel.
It can be had in bottles, cases (12 bottles), or half-cases from all good-class Wine Merchants.

DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR COMPANY, 8, UNION ST., EDINBURGH.

Harrods Service Wear

Not only do Harrods supply every detail of equipment—from Cap to Footwear—they supply it in a quality to trust and of a value that each passing day of wear confirms.

Officers are cordially invited to investigate the soundness of this claim in the various sections of Harrods concerned.

Whipcord Service Jacket	5 Gns.
Slacks	42/-
" Semi-Riding Breeches	50/-
Bedford Cord Riding	
Breeches with combinations	70/-
Buckskin Strappings	9/6

All Service materials "Yeltra"
triple-proofed.

**NOTICE TO OFFICERS
COMMANDING CADET UNITS
AND O.T.C. COMPANIES**

Harrods will send by appointment a representative to advise on all Military Equipment.



HARRODS Ltd. *WOODMAN FURRIDGE*
Managing Director **LONDON SW1**

Grafton

COTTON VOILE

The perfect Washable Dress Fabric
for Day and Evening Wear.

**GO GRAFTON VOILE
BUYING TO-DAY!**

THE exquisite beauty of texture and design have made Grafton's Voile the ideal material for all Summer Frocks, Blouses, Afternoon Tea Gowns, Evening Dresses, etc. The very daintiness of the fabric makes it all the harder for us to describe it to you, but its charming quality, the tasteful and alluring designs and its distinguished colourings will appeal irresistibly to you the minute you see it. Picture to yourself the most delightful style you ever saw in summer frocks. Picture it, too, made up in this wondrously dainty fabric, and then you will certainly make up your mind that Grafton's Voile and ONLY Grafton's Voile is good enough for your Summer frock. Why not go "Grafton Voile Buying" to-day? Your draper will be very pleased to show you his selection if you will ask him.



The Dainty Fabric
for Dainty Folk.

Over 200 Designs

40 inches wide. Printed and
in plain colours . . . 2/11 $\frac{1}{2}$ per
yard.

INSIST ON "GRAFTON" STAMPED ON SELVEDGE.

If unobtainable from your local Draper, write to Grafton's, 69, Watling Street, London, E.C., and we will arrange for a good selection of patterns to be sent to you post free.

GEORGETTE TEAGOWNS AT SPECIAL PRICES

DESPITE the great advance that has taken place in the cost of production of these Gowns, we are still selling them at practically pre-war prices.

TEAGOWN, in rich Georgette, in new colourings, trimmed with hand-veined bands of contrasting colourings, also black with white, and white with black.

Price 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.

STOCKINGS AT SPECIAL PRICES

Fine Black Bulbriggan,
Lisle thread, wide tops
with Black Silk Clocks

3/11 per pair

6 pairs for 23/-
QUITE EXCEPTIONAL
VALUE

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

NOTE.—This Establishment will
be closed on Saturdays until
further notice.



A face-powder that really protects the skin

Poudre Nildé is the one face powder that really protects the skin from its natural enemies—wind, dust, rain, cold.

It is made from ingredients specially selected because of the beneficent health-inducing action they have on the skin, preventing it from becoming coarse and rough. Used daily, Poudre Nildé enables you to have a complexion that is always lovely and soft and smooth.

The Box in which Poudre Nildé is supplied contains an ingenious sifter, which enables you to obtain just enough powder on the puff and *no more*, thus assuring that evenness of complexion which is the desire of every lady of refinement. The box also prevents the powder spilling on to one's dress and obviates the necessity for shaking the superfluous powder from the puff, as one has to do with the old style face powders. Poudre Nildé, therefore, is not only more cleanly in use, but much more economical.

For the handbag, Poudre Nildé will be found to be much superior to compact powder. You get double the quantity, better quality, no lumps, and nothing to break. Its economy is self-evident.

Poudre Nildé is supplied in 5 tints, Blanche, Rachel, Naturelle, Rosee, and Basanée (Sunburn), each in 3 perfumes—Bouquet Nildé, Rose, and Violet. In boxes (including puff), for the handbag, 1/-, Boudoir size, 3/- Also in handsome leather or fancy silk vanity cases, with puff and mirror. For the handbag, 3/6; Boudoir size, 7/-

Rouge Invisible Nildé—in powder form—for the discreet woman. It is undetectable. In the sifter box at 1/6, and in leather or fancy silk vanity cases at 4/-

If your Parfumeur does not stock Nildé preparations, ask him to order them for you; or send postal order direct to—

NILDÉ (Paris),

The Face Powder Specialists.

Sole English and Colonial Agents.

THE REGENT TOILET CO., LTD.

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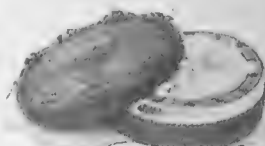


The Nildé Box

The sifter enables you to get just enough powder on the puff—and no more.



The Fancy Silk Vanity Case
(Very pretty for the Boudoir or Handbag.)



The Leather Case
(The ordinary boxes act as refills.)

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Especially designed to
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Inexpensive PETTICOAT FOR EASTER

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narrow, daintily finished
at foot with gauged ruch-
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In black, navy and a wide
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The **Super**
NAVAL BOOT

This boot is designed to combine Smartness
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and made by skilled craftsmen.
The "Super" Naval boot is a great
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Extra Super **45/-**

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seal. Make sure you
see it always when you
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Silk Hose, Silk Scarves,
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"Mesh-Guard"

PAT. NO. 105694.
BRITISH MADE.
NEAT—ORNAMENTAL—SIMPLE—
STRONG—ABSOLUTE
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HEAVILY SILVER-
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ROLLED GOLD
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If unable to obtain, write to the Mesh-Guard, No. 17 Dept., Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C. 1

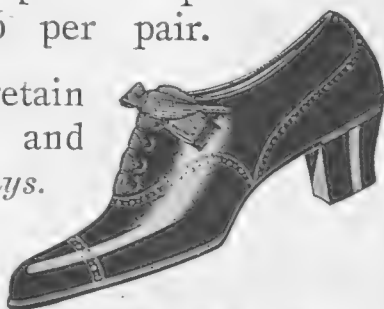
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Quality is the *only* true economy. Wear "Bective" the British footwear of quality.

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TABLETS & BARS FOR
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HAVE THE BREATH OF
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TOILET SOAP is
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Writing of our No. 2 HARD SOAP in 1 lb. bars, the late Master of Driffield Union writes—"I have been here 29 years, and never have we used Soap of such powerful cleansing properties."

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And vigorous prosecution hastens peace."—Tuke.**



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When lack of exercise, excessive brain-work or nerve strain make you feel languid—tired—depressed—a little

“FRUIT SALT”

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in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient gently stimulates the liver, the body's filter. With this important organ working properly the blood becomes pure and the nerves normal. Sound, refreshing sleep, a clear brain, and good digestion are sure to follow.

It is pleasant and convenient to take, gentle in action, positive in results. The safest and most reliable digestive regulator.

Remember that "FRUIT SALT" has for upwards of forty years been known by the Trade and the Public to mean the saline preparation of J. C. ENO, and no other.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. WHEN YOU ASK FOR "FRUIT SALT" SEE THAT YOU GET IT.

Prepared only by

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SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.



"The Judgment of Paris"

Painted by "Rilette" to the Commission
of H. Dennis Bradley.

Paris, consumed by the emotions of war,
and thus unable to make his offering to the
fairest of the three, consumes the apple.

POPE & BRADLEY

Sole Proprietor H. Dennis Bradley

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

THE KIT ALLOWANCE QUESTION.

IN August 1914, when our tiny but glorious Army of "Contemptibles" numbered something under 150,000, it was essential that an officer should possess private means.

To-day the British Army numbers millions. Men are rising from the ranks—Lord Derby tells us of an ex-cook in charge of a division. It is the due reward of brains and capacity. But these men have no means whatever but their pay. The £50 allowance on being gazetted covers the necessary Kit if the subaltern is wise and makes sure of the best materials. This is imperative, for the wear-and-tear of trench life is appalling.

When this Kit is worn out there is no Renewal Allowance.

It is a grievous injustice to the man who has risen, and who has worn out his Kit on service, that he should be penalised by having to renew it out of his scanty pay—tempted to renew it as cheaply as possible, making shift with inferior stuff—and possibly causing sacrifices to his wife and family.

The war is costing this country thousands of millions; don't let us be niggardly with the men who are doing the job.

SERVICE DRESS.

Service Jackets ...	from £5 15 6
Slacks ...	2 12 6
Bedford Cord Breeches ...	3 3 0
Waterproof Trench Coats ...	6 6 0

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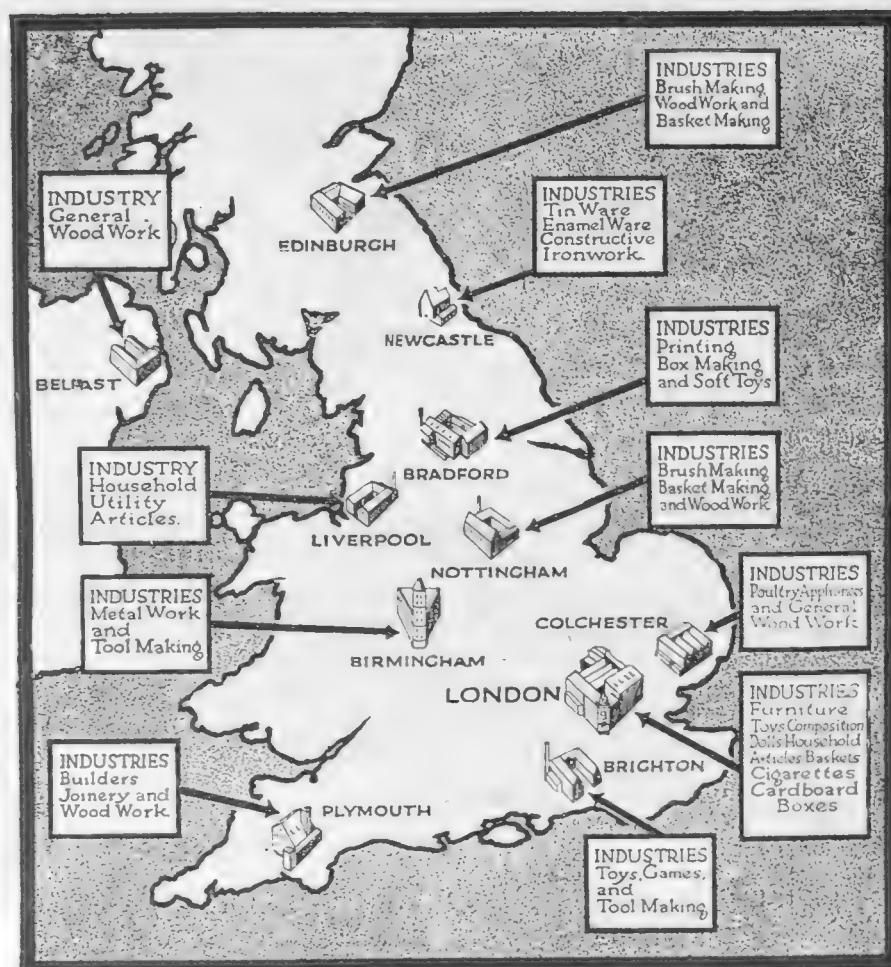
Lounge Suits ...	from £6 6 0
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Overcoats ...	5 5 0

New Naval and Military Kit List will be forwarded on application.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

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THE NATIONAL TRIBUTE TO LORD ROBERTS



takes a most practical form and one which the late Field Marshal had so much at heart, the finding of pleasant and profitable work in congenial surroundings for those who have all but died for their country. The Tribute is now more than half completed. £220,000 is still necessary to acquire and equip the workshops that so worthily bear his name.

Will you send
a **CHEQUE?**

The **PICTURE**
OPPOSITE

shows where the existing Workshops are located and what the men make at each shop. Visit the one nearest to you and you will then be most glad to help.

NO Soldier or Sailor permanently injured on active service is refused a chance to earn a living. He is taught a trade and paid while learning. He keeps his pension as long as he is employed at the shops. He is free to leave if he chooses. He is happy and will tell you so. In the workshops he has found a chance again when he thought his opportunities were gone when he lost his hand or leg or was suffering the terrors of shell shock or gas. This is the most practical means of helping our wounded men, and it is carried out in co-operation with the Ministry of Pensions Training Scheme. Will you, who have not suffered from the War, help those who have? If so, please send a donation—NOW.

Make Money Orders or Cheques payable to Major-General
The Lord Cheylesmore, K.C.V.O.,
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When you buy Silk

There is *one* way by which you may be certain of getting silk Satisfaction—that is, by asking distinctly for the new “Vigil” Silk.

Vigil Silk is *pure* silk—not a mixture of silk and cotton as most Silks (so-called) are nowadays.

Vigil Silk has been tested and tried for over four years before being placed upon the market.

Vigil Silk will please you better and last longer than any Silk you have ever bought before, because—

Vigil Silk is British made, with all the thoroughness and sincerity that have made British goods famous the world over.

VIGIL SILK is now being offered in a wide range of charming designs and dainty pastel colours by all the leading drapers. Its great superiority, however, lies in its wonderful durability. For wear and washing, VIGIL SILK is far and away better than anything that has ever been offered at its price. This statement is backed by the strongest possible guarantees.

VIGIL SILK will wear to the last thread, and, no matter how often it may be washed, its appearance will not suffer; nor can it become “thin” to the touch, for it is entirely free from “artificial weighting” of every description.

Vigil

The New Silk

Single Width

In plain White, Pastel Shades, Khaki, Stripes, etc.,—for Ladies' wear, Men's wear, Children's wear—for Blouses, Dresses and Nurses' Cloaks—Underwear, Night-Dresses, Pyjamas, Dressing-Gowns and Shirts, Draperies, Curtains, Cushions, Fancy Work, etc.

Double Width

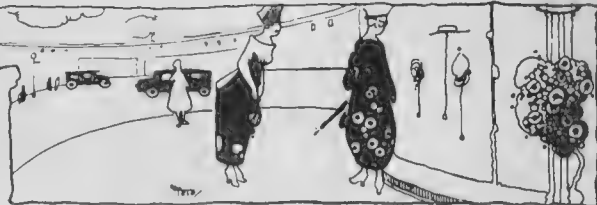
Vigil Silk can be obtained from the leading Drapers everywhere

VIGIL BLOUSES

Many of the leading Drapers are now offering the most delightful creations in ready-made Blouses of VIGIL SILK. Ask your Draper to show you styles.



THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN



Immense Popularity.

I have seen our young Princess quite closely on several occasions lately, for she is now doing her bit all on her own, to put it colloquially. If she were an ordinary girl, in any class of life, one would say she was very pretty and typically English. While a very loyal woman, I am no courtier, but I sincerely admire Princess Mary. She has lovely violet-blue eyes, and her glance is direct, frank, and clearly pleasant. Her complexion is lovely; her face refined and flower-like in shape; and her pretty lips have a most fascinating little pout. She is not tall, but her carriage is quite easy yet excellent, and so hers is quite a gracious presence. A flush as she enters a room full of people is what one likes to see, and draws one to her girlish shyness—a rather rare attribute in girlhood these days. I am sure our young Princess has started on a pleasant path to ever-increasing popularity.

Think the World of It.

I once knew a man, and marvelled at him, who kept his monocle immovable throughout a fast forty minutes to hounds over a difficult country. I now know a man who performs the almost equally difficult feat of keeping his hair smooth and glossy and immaculately tidy after an hour-and-a-half schooling Army horses bareheaded. I know him well enough to have offered him sincere congratulations. "Oh, it's not the crop—it's the way it's dressed," said he. It transpired that he always uses Anzora Cream, which not only nourishes the scalp, makes hair healthy, and keeps its roots in and its colour intact, but also encourages its growth and makes it always look tidy and smart. This invaluable preparation comes from the Anzora Perfumery Company, 28-34, Willesden Lane, London, N.W. 6. There is also an Anzora Viola specially for dry scalps. Neither is oily or greasy, and the price—from chemists, stores, and hairdressers—is 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. a bottle. Soldier men think the world of it.

Jill the Smart and Practical.

The Standard dress is very much like other dresses, and capable of so much variety that it will have to be labelled to be recognised as standard. The no-fastening idea is by no means new, as all readers of *The Sketch* well know. The Eciruum dresses have had their success for nearly a decade—possibly more—and continue to increase it. Often am I told by friends, when I am constrained to admire their frocks, that they are glad I like them, because they really are joys—they are "Eciruum," and so easily got into, and have no, or at most one or two, fastenings. Maurice, of 43, South Molton Street, the inventor of the no-fastenings dress, has a *flair* for beauty of line and form, so that you lose all disadvantage and gain all advantage by the Eciruum. Standard dress, Standard boots, and, it may be, Standard hats might make Jill a dowdy girl, and we do not want that.



A crown of grey crêpe, a brim of black satin lined with the crêpe; add to this roses of silver tissue with deep pink centres as a trimming, and a chin-strap of robin's-egg-blue velvet. The whole forms a charming and demure hat for a debutante.

We Don't Wear Them.

It may seem to some of us that it is to be rather the hat than the head upon which attention is to be bestowed. In confidence, dear readers, I may say that I believe the head will always remain the centre of attraction. The advertising poster hats I have so far seen only in illustrations or in windows. I cannot see some of my pretty friends' heads bedizened with ospreys placed at all sorts of angles and looking as if some poor bird had seen a ghost; or wearing above their fascinating brows a row of ping-pong balls sewn on a silken crown, with the war-feathers of a fighting Indian at one side; or attempting to look like a Centurion in a soft helmet that is more than half a bonnet and a wee bit a coal-scuttle. No; we smile at these things, but we don't wear them.

A Really Good Second.

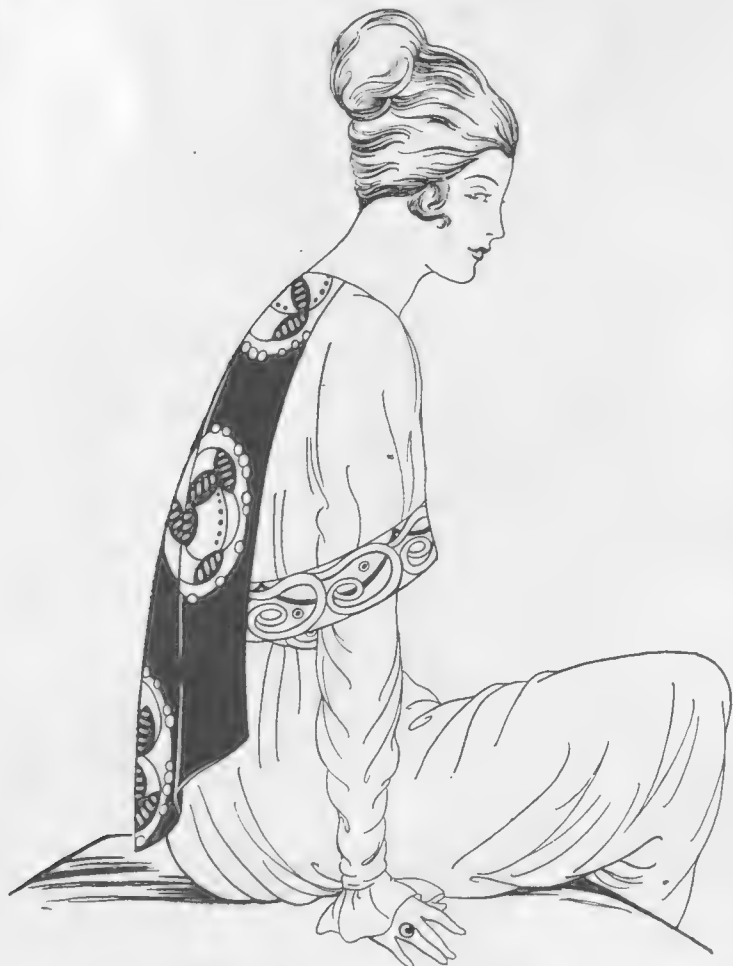
Whate'er betide, war or peace, the amenities of social life are not wholly broken, and among them presents count for much, whether at set seasons, for marriage, or for birth, or for goodwill at any time. I take it that in war time to give the largest amount of pleasure at the smallest cost is the truest economy, and so I suggest that intending good fairies should possess themselves of a beautifully illustrated booklet of the celebrated Sessel pearls, which can be had from 14, New Bond Street. It shows exactly what lovely things can be had for a small expenditure; and it must be remembered that experts need to apply tests to differentiate between these gems and those costing twenty times as much. Not only pearls, but coloured precious stones set with most perfect taste and workmanship, can be seen at the Sessel salons. A visit there is best, and the beautiful booklet is a really good second.

Neat-Footed Ourbravemen Handy-Men.

of the sea—who hang, like Sindbad's redoubtable passenger, round the neck of German marine enterprise—are very particular about their foot-wear. Naval men are always remarkably well turned out as to their understandings—those below as well as aloft. This is largely because they specialise in their boot and shoe maker. I was shown a most informing catalogue of W. Abbott and Sons, 121, High Holborn; 54, Regent Street; and 434, Strand, which a friend of mine wrote for to send to her son. It gives explicit directions for self-measurement—such a convenience for officers whose leave is so rare, as with those in our Senior Service. It illustrates clearly the chief models, and gives all prices. As this firm has made a great reputation for their famous "Super" naval boot, this illustrated booklet is a real acquisition, and will be sent post free on application to the above addresses, or to 24, Liverpool Street, E.C.; 7, Poultry, E.C.; 166, Fenchurch Street, E.C.



In this hat we have the Napoleonic touch, which promises to be very fashionable. The hat is of white straw and velvet, with a most original cockade made of white kid studded with jet.



A coatee to wear over a tea or dinner frock is not only ornamental, but very useful. The one shown above is made of deep sapphire-blue brocade, with a pattern in dull silver and purple, with touches of light green. The sleeves are of purple ninon, with a band of silver-and-blue embroidery. In the illustration the gown is of white crêpe-de-Chine.

Urodonal

and GOUT.

MEDICAL OPINION:

Gout, in common with Rheumatism, is caused through excess of uric acid in the blood. Nevertheless, excess of uric acid does not always imply the presence of gout, whereas goutiness invariably points to excess of uric acid. Gouty subjects should therefore know that they are manufacturing too much uric acid, and should take steps to eliminate the poison as fast as it is formed. For this purpose physicians all over the world (including Prof. Lancereaux, late President of the Paris Académie de Médecine) recommend the use of URODONAL, which is **thirty-seven times more active than lithia**, as a solvent of uric acid, while possessing the additional advantage of being absolutely harmless and not causing injury to the heart, brain, stomach, kidneys, or other organs, even when taken in large and repeated doses.

Dr. DAURIAN,
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Recommended
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5/- & 12/-
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Prepared at
Chatelain's
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Paris. Obtain-
able from all
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free, from the
British and
Colonial Agents
HEPPELLS,
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164, Piccadilly,
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Write for
explanatory
booklets.

A Martyr
to Gout.



ROUGH AND CHAPPED HANDS

so troublesome just now, especially to ladies engaged in munition work or work about the house, are easily avoided by using

BEETHAM'S La-rola

(The best substitute for Glycerine),

a Fragrant Toilet Milk, neither sticky nor greasy. It removes all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, Chaps, &c., arising from exposure to Cold Winds and Frost, or from the use of Hard Water. Apply a little every time the hands are washed and it will keep them in perfect condition.

Of all Chemists and Stores, 1/1½

PALE COMPLEXIONS

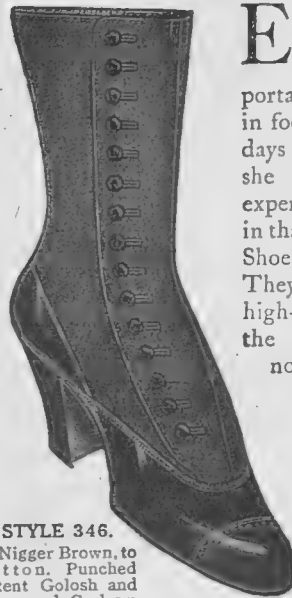
may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT. Boxes, 1/-



M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

SOROSIS

The World's Finest
SHOES



STYLE 346.
In Nigger Brown, to
button. Punched
Patent Golosh and
Cap and Cuban
Heel.
Price 25/- per pair.

EVERY woman likes to be well-dressed, and knows the importance of refinement in footwear, but in these days of strict economy she does not wish to expend a lot of money in that direction. Sorosis Shoes solve the problem. They maintain their high-class appearance to the end, and are economical by reason of their durability.

THE SOROSIS SHOE STORE
233 Regent Street,
London, W.1
and throughout the country.



The "different" Food!

Benger's Food differs from all others because it contains the means to partially digest the fresh new milk with which it is prepared. This means much, because the inability to digest milk—and only by proper digestion is its nourishment obtained—is very common. Always use

BENGER'S Food

for backward Infants, Invalids, and Aged persons because even the weakest among these obtain the full benefit of the milk; and all enjoy and thrive upon it.

From an M.B., B.C. "I have much pleasure in testifying to the value of your Food in the dieting of old age and dyspepsia and convalescence. I could not do without it in my practice."

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.
BENGER'S FOOD LTD., MANCHESTER, England.
Branch Offices: NEW YORK 90, Beekman St. SYDNEY 117, Pitt St. Depots throughout Canada.

FOR REMOVING ALL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR USE DARA

THE RELIABLE HOME TREATMENT SURE, SAFE AND PAINLESS

A CLIENT WRITES:—

Dear Madam,—I am so pleased to tell you the "Dara" Treatment was quite a success, therefore there is no need to make any appointment with you. I must confess I had no faith in the "Dara" when sending for it, which makes my gratitude to you all the more real. I must thank you very much for your wonderful remedy, and remain,
Yours gratefully,—

(Original of above, and also other Testimonials, can be seen.)

Remove Superfluous Hair Comfortably in your own Home

Prices 10/6 & 21/6 (The larger size contains three times the amount of the smaller)

ADAIR GANESH ESTABLISHMENT 92, NEW BOND STREET,
(Oxford St. End) LONDON, W.

Telephone—GERRARD 3782

Also PARIS & NEW YORK.





THE NEW AIR FORCE APPOINTMENTS: GHEERFUL PROSPECTS. By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

TWO recent announcements in the *London Gazette* are of considerable interest to flying officers, and afford the old-timers of the R.F.C. great satisfaction. One announcement is the appointment of Major-General J. M. Salmond, C.M.G., D.S.O., to succeed Major-General Sir Hugh Trenchard, now Chief of the Air Staff, as General Officer Commanding Royal Flying Corps in France; and the other is the appointment of Brigadier-General Ellington to be Director-General of Military Aeronautics.

The Brothers Salmond.

When Sir Hugh Trenchard came back to England soon after Christmas to take on the great task of forming the Air Force, and General Salmond was gazetted as having vacated the post of Director-General of Military Aeronautics, people who were not in fairly close touch with R.F.C. affairs wondered what had happened; and the usual silly rumours got about to the effect that he had been "Stellenbosched" and sent to some minor command abroad. His brother, Brigadier-General W. G. M. Salmond, has been commanding in Egypt for a long while, and of course, and as usual, people mixed up the two. The Egyptian Command of the R.F.C. is a big thing, and General W. G. M. Salmond has been conspicuously successful, as numerous official communiqués have shown; but it is not as big as the job of D.G.M.A. Hence all the talk.

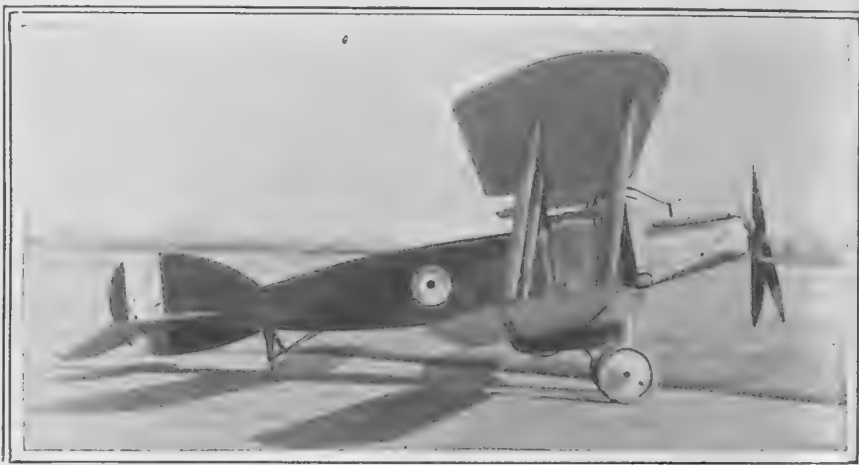
The New Air Force G.O.C.

Those, however, who were in the know knew that the former D.G.M.A. had, in fact, been advanced a step further in his brilliant career, and were correspondingly pleased. To have the honour of succeeding to the shoes of General Trenchard was distinctly a step up the ladder of Military Aeronautics. Also it entailed very grave responsibilities such as only a first-class man could assume. The fact that General Salmond had been selected for that honour not only pleased his personal friends—it increased the confidence of all closely concerned with aviation in the judgment of the High Command, and in the future activities of our military aviators in France.

The G.O.C.'s Career.

General Salmond's career in the R.F.C. has been a steady but rapid series of successes. He went to the war as a Captain commanding a Flight. Very soon, as the Corps began to grow, he was given a Squadron. Then, as the production of aeroplanes and pilots at home increased under the guiding hand of General Brancker, he became one of the first Wing Commanders, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. When further increases made it possible to form Brigades of the R.F.C., he

state of efficiency and attained a high moral. Naturally, the efficiency of his command won for him the appreciation of those still higher up, and so, when the business of training pilots at home grew to sufficient size, he was fetched back to command the Training Brigade and re-organise the system of training. This Brigade soon grew to the dimensions of a Division, and brought to its C.O. the rank of Major-General. It was from the Training Division that he went to the Hotel Cecil, otherwise the Air Board, and now the Air Ministry, as D.G.M.A. Now that he is again in an active service command he has fresh opportunities of distinction, and those opportunities will be as heartily welcomed by the people serving under him as ever they can be by himself, for he is one of



ONE OF THE TYPE OF AEROPLANE THAT HAS DONE NOTABLE WORK ALL THROUGH THE WAR: ONE OF OUR TWO-SEATER "FIGHTERS."

Planes at the Front are classified specially according to the kind of work they are generally allotted for—such as "fighters," the knights-errant of the air, which, *inter alia*, escort machines of other classes, such as "bombers." The plane seen here is a "fighter" of a very successful type.

those excellent officers who, in taking their own tides of fortune at the flood, somehow always make still more opportunities for others.

Scoring Off the Air Hun.

Anyone who has taken the trouble to read the official communiqués of the past six or eight weeks cannot fail to have been struck by the way in which the R.F.C. has been scoring off the Hun, despite bad weather of all sorts. One would, perhaps, hesitate to give General Salmond credit for all that success, for only pilots of the best type could have scored so heavily, and even they only if well mounted and well equipped. Nevertheless, without a first-class leader in whom the whole Corps has complete confidence such results could not have been attained. One may safely say, however, that when Sir Hugh Trenchard left France the R.F.C. had reached a state of efficiency and had acquired a spirit such as has never yet been attained by any other Flying Service, and that, since General Salmond took over, the progress which was so notable during 1917 has been steadily increased.

The New D.G.M.A.

General Ellington was one of the first Staff Officers of the R.F.C., and was a Captain on General Henderson's Staff when the Corps was only in process of formation long before the war. His record of Staff work is a very fine one; and when one is able to say that much it means a good deal, for, despite popular delusions about the Staff, the fact remains that good Staff work makes all the difference between success and failure. The finest troops in the world cannot win a battle if the Staff is bad; and no Corps could grow as the R.F.C. has grown, and at the same time become so highly efficient, unless the work of its Staff were well done. The officer who can rise from a Captain's rank to that of Brigadier-General, and become Director-General of Military Aeronautics on the strength of his ability as a Staff Officer, must, *ipso facto*, be a man of outstanding merit. Taking it all round, things are looking very cheerful so far as the war in the air is concerned.



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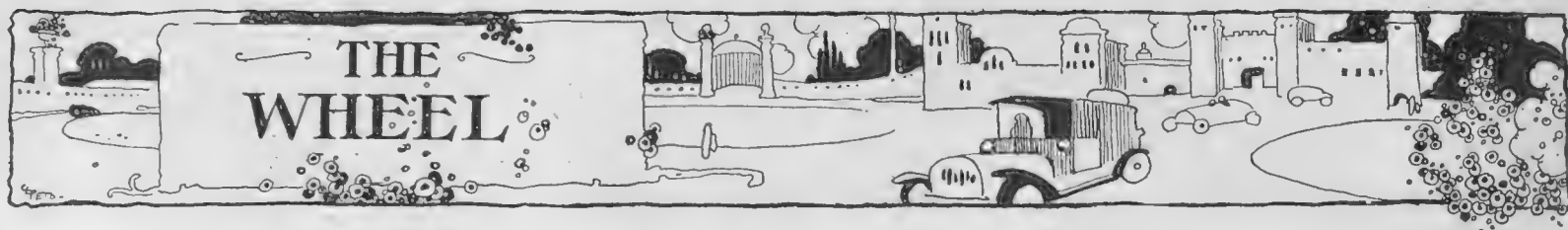


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FAIR PLAY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: THE MOTOR AND THE FARM: BLOATED PLUTOCRATS?

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is Recognised.

As everyone knows by now, the motor industry was the first in this country to be diverted from its normal course and given over—lock, stock, and barrel—to the production of munitions of war. By now, of course, most industries have been mobilised in one way or another; but many of them were allowed to go on producing their ordinary wares for long after the motor industry had, in a sense, ceased to be; and people who were able to supply pianos and other luxuries to munition workers with pockets full of money simply lived in clover. It is satisfactory to note, however, that neither in America nor Canada is any unequal call being made upon one industry more than another; and motor-manufacturers, while doing their full share towards the provision of munitions, will still be allowed to carry on their own business to a reasonable degree. America has even held its annual show of automobiles in New York; and, though the aeroplane show has been abandoned at the Government's request, that has simply been due to the desirability of withholding new designs from pro-German gaze. The motor-car is officially recognised as an article of too great a utility to be elbowed out; and how could it be otherwise when there are nearly four million cars in use in the United States, and most of them of the runabout type? There is no talk of the "rich man's toy" in America, where almost every household has a car of one sort or another; but the trouble in Great Britain has been that, though there are a certain number of rich men with cars, the widespread democratisation of the motor-car has been entirely ignored, and even the village tradesman who runs a Ford is ranked as a plutocrat.

"Motorising"
the Farm.

Added to the restrictions on manufacture, moreover, have been the stringent ukases as regards petrol, quite out-Heroding those of any other Allied country. Here again, however, things are being managed very differently in America and Canada, and only such limitations as are really necessary are being enforced. In Canada, particularly, the motor-car is regarded as absolutely indispensable to the national well-being. Where would the farmer be without it? As a Canadian journal to hand remarks: "The farmer is motorising his farm. And everybody, including the Government, is helping and encouraging him to do so. The farmer drives his car to keep in touch with civilisation. The farmer's son rides a motor-cycle. The hired man

brings them home before eleven o'clock." In England and Scotland, it is almost needless to point out, there have been legions of car-owners who have used cheap or medium-priced cars in an equally legitimate way as long as possible; but they have ere now all been lumped in one class as bloated plutocrats by the Legislature,



OPPOSITES IN APPEARANCE AND FROM TWO CONTINENTS, YET AN EXCELLENT PAIR IN THE SHAFTS: A FRENCH AND AN ALASKAN DRAUGHT DOG ON ARMY SERVICE.

The French Army "voiturette légère" seen above is being drawn by one of the hundreds of dogs specially brought over from Alaska by a former French Vice-Consul at the outset of the war—the dog nearest the camera. The off dog, doing his share, is of an ordinary European breed.—[French Official Photograph.]

and held up to execration by the War Savings Committees all along the line, and a vast amount of useful service to the State has been lost accordingly.

Bilingual
Difficulties.

The barrier of language, it is naturally hoped, will be to a very large extent removed, when the war is over, as the outcome of the long sojourn of millions of British soldiers in France. Few of them can have failed to pick up a little French, while an appreciable number will have embraced the opportunity of studying it in a serious and practical way. None the less, they would do well to bear in mind that there are many pitfalls in the path of a man who essays to acquire a language by conversational methods alone. That the result is not always classic is amusingly illustrated by a story which an officer friend of mine, well known in motoring circles, has to tell against himself. He was one of those who were wounded and taken prisoner early in the war, and for many months was interned in a German prison camp. While there he struck up a friendship with two French prisoners, the effect of which was that he taught them English while they taught him French. Eventually he secured a transference to Switzerland, and one day, while staying in Geneva, he paid an afternoon call on a benevolent lady who had interested herself in the lot of the British internees. By the aid of his linguistic knowledge acquired in the painful surroundings of the German camp he was able to carry on a conversation with the Swiss lady; and, after a very agreeable hour or so, he thought it time to take his leave, and expressed himself accordingly, using a phrase which he had often heard employed in a matter-of-fact way by his French instructors. A slight shade of embarrassment, however, was noticeable on the face of his hostess, and he asked her anxiously if the expression he had used was not good French. "Yes," she replied, "it is correct French; but not quite the thing to say to a lady." And now he is wondering what the precise value of the rest of his French may be, and whether it is not less likely to be suited to the drawing-room than to the camp.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PILOT DURING HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S TOUR IN SOUTH WALES: MISS MOLLY RICHES STANDING BESIDE HER CAR.
Photograph by Alfieri.

ploughs with a motor-tractor. The second hired man drives the motor-truck to the elevator or market. The farmer's wife has her light car with which to go shopping and to perform her patriotic duties like her city sister. On Sundays the whole family goes to church in the family car, and then enjoys an outing. At night the family motors to town quickly to see a picture show, and the car



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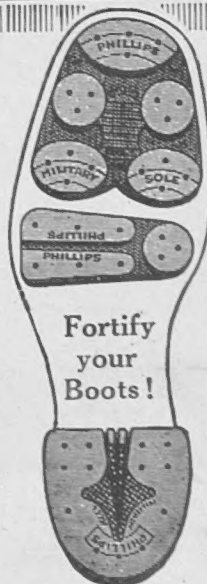
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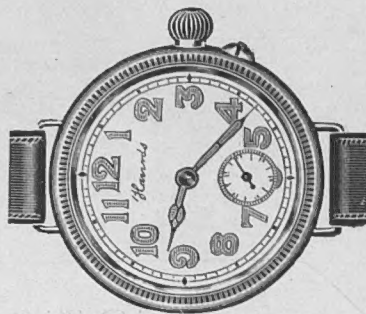
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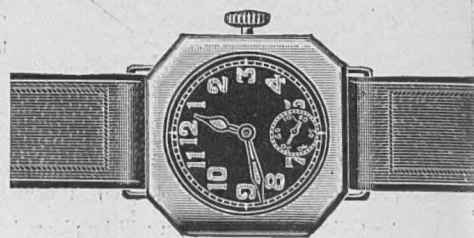


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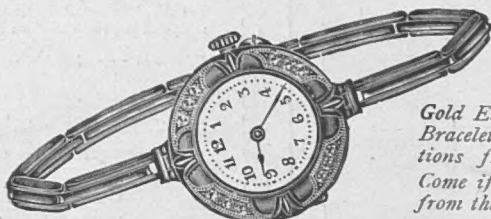
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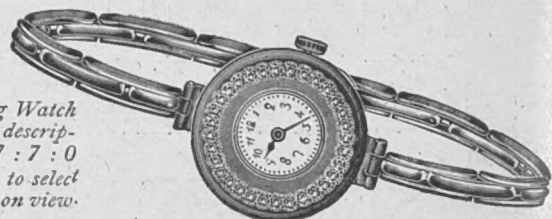


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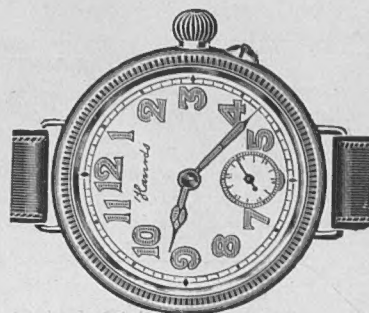
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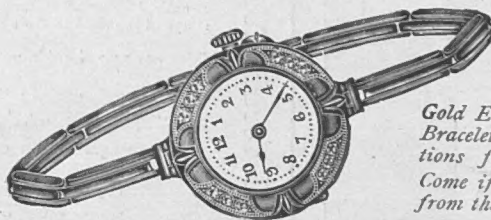
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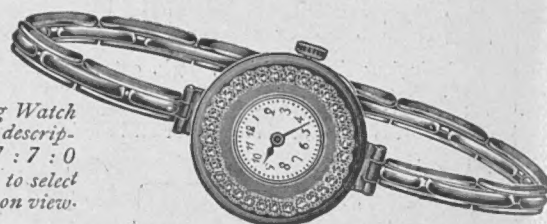


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